National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. Without Concealment---Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS.

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The Southern Press.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS OF SECESSION.

HAS a State a right to secede from the Union, or in other words, is it a constitutional right? This is an important question when viewed in relation to the responsible position likely to be taken by South Carolina.

We do not design to discuss it at this time, but we simply propose to give high authority in support of the claim. The power has always been contended for in Virginia since the memorable resolutions of 1798, as is clear from the exposition of them by the celebrated report drawn by Mr. Madison. In defending the third of these resolutions, which asserts the doctrine of State interposition, the committee say "that they have scanned it not merely with a strict but with a severe eye, and they feel confidence in pronouncing, that in its just and fair construction it is unexceptionably true in its several positions, as well as Constitutional, and conclusive in its inferences." What were the positions of the third resolution? 1st. That the powers of the Federal Government were limited to the plain sense of the instrument constituting the compact. 2d. That in case of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous infraction of the compact, the State has the right to interpose to arrest the progress of the evil, by maintaining within the respective limits the authorities, rights and liberties appertaining to it.

This inference, says the report, is "constitutional and conclusive." Mr. Jefferson maintained the same doctrines in the famous resolutions drafted by him and adopted by the Legislature of Kentucky in 1799 Mr. Alex. Hamilton, in one of his papers in the "Fedralist," admits that if the Federal Government should oppress the States, the State government would be ready to check it by virtue of their own inherent sovereign powers. "It may safely be received as an axiom in our political system (says Mr. Hamilton) that the State governments will, in all possible contingencies, afford complete security against invasion of the public liberty by the national authority—Project of usurpation cannot be masked under pretences so likely to escape the penetration of select bodies of men, as of the people at large—The legislatures will have better means of information—They can discover the danger at a distance, and possessing all the organs of civil power, and the confidence of the people, they can at once adopt a regular plan of opposition, in which they can combine all the resources of the community.

Nathaniel Macon, for thirty years a member of the Senate of the United States from the State of North Carolina and of whom John Randolph of this State said that he was the purest and wisest man who had ever taken part in the counsels of the nations, in a letter in reply expresses the following opinion: "there can be no doubt that the United States are in a horrible situation, and that the publication of the opinion you desire would be useless. It has never been a secret, and always stated to those who wanted to know it. In the year 1824 the Constitution was buried in the Senate—the Senators who were then present will, it is believed, recollect the fact—and never afterwards quoted by me while I continued in the Senate. The opinions of Gen. Washington, Mr. Jefferson and Gov. Clinton, are known but not respected. I have never believed that a State could nulify and remain in the Union, but have always believed that a State might secede when she pleased and this right I have considered the best guard to public liberty and public justice that could be desired, and it ought to have prevented what is now felt in the South, oppression. When Confederacies begin to fight, liberty is soon lost, and the government is soon changed. A government of opinion, established by sovereign States, for special purposes, cannot be maintained by force. The use of force makes enemies, and enemies cannot live in peace under such a government."

These are the views deliberately expressed by the patriots and sages of bygone days—men who made the science of our complex machinery of government their study and two of whom assisted in the formation of the present Constitution. Whether secession will lead to civil war between the General Government and the seceding State, rests entirely with the stronger power. There is no necessity for it unless the Federal Government shall chose to consecrate its usurpations by the blood of those it shall have attempted to oppress. These measures is not resorted to by the retiring State with a view to resort to force. All she asks, is the privilege to peaceably withdraw from a league, the compact of which has been violated, and which has become to her a grievance too intolerable to be longer borne.—*Norfolk Argus.*

AGITATION.

WE had hoped that our country's severest trials, were past, and that some repose would ensue after the protracted excitement, which has of late harassed the public mind. It seems that we are mistaken in this expectation, and that there is a vitality, a living principle at the foundation of our late national turmoils that cannot be removed by cutting off the apparent cause. The Territorial question, which was deemed the only tangible subject matter for agitation, has been happily settled without an invasion of the rights of any portion of the people, yet the mad spirit of fanaticism is none the less active, and is even more reckless than ever heretofore. Formerly those who delighted to destroy the peace of the country sought for a pretext in constitutional right, but now they throw off all disguise, and stand forth the champions of a lawless force, and boldly avow their determination to nullify the law and the constitution. We cannot but deeply deplore the madness that leads men who have been recipients of the blessings of the best government that has ever existed, to strive for the demolition of that government. The agitators of the North and South seem to have lost every national feeling, and to be actuated by a mad desire for change. Never has the evidence of discontent, under our present confederated system, been so palpable as a present. Instead of seeking the means of remedying the alledged evils in the body politic, they manifest a determination to destroy that body absolutely. The ultraists of both extremes, although directly opposed to each other in their purposes, seem to act in concert under the same mad determination to destroy the unity of our common country. It is evident that the disaffection is spreading in the North, and that men of high character and high standing in society are zealously advocating measures, which if they prevail, will inevitably shatter the Union into a thousand fragments. The States of New York, Ohio and Massachusetts, have elected gentlemen to the United States Senate, for the reason that they would advocate the repeal of the present Fugitive Slave Law. *Let that be repealed and the Union will be dissolved.* Every slaveholding State, except Missouri, and perhaps Kentucky, would at once renounce all connection with the Federal government, since the objects intended to be secured by that connection, would be manifestly uncertain of accomplishment. It is idle to say that there are only a few fanatics in the North who are causing all this turmoil. The results of their elections are conclusive evidence of the settled hostility of the great masses of the Northern people to Negro Slavery, and their determination to agitate the country on that subject. It cannot be denied that Wade, Fish and Sumner, have been elected to the United States Senate on account of their real or supposed hostility to the Compromise measures of the last Congress, The opponents of those laws have probably gained strength in all the late elections in the Northern States. Where this is to end, no one can predict; we think, however, that it is evident to all that the tide of Northern prejudice is bearing the Ship of State towards the breakers of Disunion. We have hoped, almost against belief, that the Northern masses would concede to the South, all that they could justly claim under the constitution; to believe this now requires a degree of credulity incompatible with good sense. It is evident that no enactment can long continue to be the law in a republican government, which is so odious to the people that it can only be enforced at the point of the bayonet. We believe that we may safely assert that everywhere in the North at this time, a police or military force would be necessary to carry out the Fugitive act. The cost of recaptaring each fugitive from service will, under ordinary circumstances, exceed the value of property. The question then occurs to every mind, will the slaveholding States continue in the Union, with the understanding that a cause of the Federal compact intended for their protection is to be treated as a nullity? What guarantee have they that every one of their rights will not be thus disregarded and trampled upon? It is a painful subject, and one that we wish not to agitate, but we can find no hope or safety for our country in shutting our eyes against a melancholy truth. We have as much attachment to the Union as any one, but it is the Union contemplated by the Constitution, and that only that we would have.—*The (Glasgow. Mo.) Banner.*

THE ABOLITION AND SUBMISSION CHORUS.

LET every Southern patriot into whose hands this paper falls read the article from the New York Tribune entitled "the Fugitive Slave Law." The political views of that sheet are well known. It is the exponent of the views of the Whig party of New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Vermont, and perhaps of the entire North. At all events, it is the bitter foe of Slavery. It has led the crusade against us from the very hour in which it began, and it has devoted every energy to accomplish the success of the Free-Soil party. We ask every Southern man, of whatever party, when from such a source, when from an editor whose whole soul has been wrapt up in the cause of Freesoilism, he hears the loud note of exulting triumph, to pause and reflect deeply on his own position and on that of the South. Reflect on the triumphant declaration that "*the great battle of this generation between Freedom and Slavery has been fought and won*" by the Free Soil party. Think of the "*proud satisfaction*" with which an *abolitionist* contemplates the "*glorious results*" of that contest; think of the exultation with which he gazes on the "*animating spectacle*" of our exclusion from the Mexican Territories; think of the rejoicing with which he announces that but for the Anti-Slavery agitation, "*slaves would now be washing the golden sands of California.*' To accomplish these "*glorious results*" which thus fill his bosom with enthusiastic joy, the editor of the New York Tribuue has been laboring for years, with all the power and energy which a splended intellect, an indomitable courage and an undying devotion to the principles of abolition could inspire his soul. To these great objects he has made all else subservient. So ardently has he been devoted to them, that he for a time refused to support General Taylor for the Presidency, and only consented to advocate his election for the reason that it would be more favorable to the success of his abolition theories, than would that of General Cass.—When from him we hear the peans of triumphant exultation at the "glorious results" of the struggle between the North and South, we would be false to truth, and false to patriotism to attempt concealment and we cannot escape the conclusion that he must have great cause for rejoicing. No man is so senseless as to suppose that *he* would rejoice, if freesoilism had not won a great and important victory. No man, but an idiot, is so devoid of reason, as to suppose for a moment, that a man, the aim and object of whose life has been the ultimate abolition of Slavery, would run so wild with joy, unless the result of the contest had declared victory in his favor.

The Editor of the Tribune is not a mere wild and visionary enthusiast. He has had the shrewdness, while advocating Anti-Slavery principles with every energy of nature, to keep aloof from the fools and madmen, who would directly attack the institution of Slavery in the States and overthrow the Constitution. Having the same object in view and with a more far-reaching intellect, he has kept himself in position as the organ of the Whig party of the North-east, and labors for his object by means more dangerous, more insidious, and therefore, more certain of ultimate success. Belonging to a political party which maintains the absolute supremacy and sovereignty of the federal government, he knows that Slavery is not to be attacked by abolitionism directly he knows that its destruction is to be accomplished by gradual and insiduous approaches; and he seeks his object through the federal government under the control of a dominant section acting under the forms of the constitution. He knows that if he can obtain an act of Congress giving aid to his designs, then the whole Whig party will come to his support, on the principle of the supremacy and sovereignty of the "*laws of the land.*" This is the grand secret of the combination of Abolitionism and Whiggery which has sprung from the alembic of his acute and powerful intellect. Having devoted his life to these objects, and particularly thrown his whole soul into the recent conflict, he now comes forward after the battle has been fought, and rejoices in a "glorious" victory It is true that his joy is not wholly unalloyed. The fugitive slave law gives him some pain; but he consoles himself with the reflection that that was an inevitable result, that it is but "the picking off of a straggler here and there by the enemy," that "the very act of moving squadrons through an enemy's country involves the necessity of loss,"—in short, that "*the Devil was in* PARADISE!"

We shall hear to-day, from the lips of the Whig champion, the answering chorus of exultant submission. We shall be told the compromise scheme was just and constitutional; that it has given us equality of rights and of position in the territories; that it was a wise and beneficent scheme, securing to us our peace, our safety, our honor and our constitutional rights. Scarcely will the loud song of exulting abolitionism have died away, before we shall hear its echo in the voice of a Southerner, who will call upon *us*, too, to proclaim our triumphant rejoicing. On the same day that we have beheld the exhibition of the "*proud satisfaction*" of the abolitionism over the "*animating spectacle*" which the result of the contest presents to his enraptured gaze, *we*, too, shall be called upon by one who should be a champion and defender of our constitutional rights, to send up responsive shouts of joy under Southern skies! The joys of the Tribune's "Paradise" are somewhat lessened by the fugitive slave law; like the Tribune, that Eden of the Compromise in which Judge Campbell so wooingly invites us to revel, is made a little less blissful by the abolition of the slave trade, and in certain cases *Slavery itself*, in the District of Columbia. But like the Tribune, to whose chorus of delight he gives such a warm response, he is not one of those whom it "deeply cuts." It was a "*peace offering*" to the Anti-Slavery feeling of our Northern *brethren*. Striking coincidence! Each one finds in the Compromise ravishing causes of patriotic joy, and each, too, finds a slight evil lurking in his "*Paradise!*"

The mere abolitionists might have labored forever and they would have labored in vain. But the *Free-soil* spirit, springing full armed from the brain of fanatical genius, coming into the conflict and acting with the organized parties of the day, has carried on its warfare with a more far-reaching policy and a more powerful arm, and now revels in the arms of victory. It pauses for a while from the conflict to go wild with enthusiasm over the result. The mere fool and madman of an abolitionist is aroused into a fury by the fugitive slave law; but the cool calculating, and penetrating Freesoiler sees little in it to regret, and like a wise general and conquering hero surveys the vast empire he has won with "proud satisfaction" over the "animating spectacle." Not the mere abolitionists, but *he* it is we must conquer. It is he who has achieved the present alarming result.

Shall we adopt the counsel of Judge Campbell and approve and ratify, and rejoice with him over his conquest? Shall we, notwithstanding it is evident to all eyes that we have been defeated, shall we ignominously pretend to claim a victory, and *steal* a fancied laurel with which to hide our shame? Approve the past! Bitter mockery! We will hear different counsel from the gallant, patriotic and true-hearted veteran, whose devotion to the Union of the States, is as far above suspicion, as is the lofty courage with which he has defended its welfare and its honor on its bloodiest and most glorious battle fields. —*Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal.*

FREE SOILERS TRIUMPHANT—SUMNER ELECTED.

A telegraphic despatch to the Savannah *News* announces the election of Sumner, the notorious free soiler and abolitionist, to the U. S. Senate from Massachusetts for six years from the 4th of March last On the twenty-fifth ballot he received one hundred and ninety three votes. Thus we go. While at the South demagogues are playing on every string of attachment to the Union, and seeking the political destruction of the patriots who, at the last session of Congress, resisted to the bitter end the outrages perpetrated on Southern rights, the strength of our enemies is steadily increasing at the North. *There* hatred of the institutions of the South is rewarded with official station and power—while *here* to warn the people of the designs of their rapidly advancing foes is to draw down the indignant denunciations of the faithless sentinels who arrogate to themselves the only right of counseling the millions whose dearest interests are in jeopardy. The word of proscription has gone forth, and hearts true as the needle to the pole, are to be offered upon the altar of party, that a band of ambitious, grasping office hunters may batten on the spoils won by lulling a confiding people into a fatal sleep of fancied security. Who cannot see in the elections that have already taken place, as well as in the general tone of Northern sentiment, that free soilism is there triumphant? In the three States of New York, Ohio and Massachusetts the issue was directly made by the fanatics, and what has been the result? And what have the other States done? Has a single one of them passed resolutions instructing their Senators and Representatives to abide the Compromise *in all its parts?* Not one—not one. We are told that New Hampshire is firm as her granite hills—yet New Hampshire suffers herself to be misrepresented in the Senate by Hale, who was elected by a coalition of Whigs and Free Soilers, without one word of remonstrance. Vermont is abolition to the core—Michigan elects a free soiler to the House under the very nose of Gen. Cass, even while he was on the stump, and opposing him with all the power of his great mind. In whatever direction North we turn our gaze, we are met with a determinate look of defiance, which betokens a fixed purpose to agitate and aggress until the sun shall rise and set "without looking on a slave." All this proves something, and it is vain to conceal it from our eyes. In the language of the Georgia *Federal Union*, "It all proves that the days of this Union are numbered, unless a reaction takes place at the South, strong enough to quell the rising storm that threatens to break over the Constitution, and submerge our 'glorious Union.' The issue in all elections at the North henceforth will be the repeal of the Fugitive Law, and in two years from this time a force strong enough to repeal the Law, and so amend the Constitution as to cripple the South hopelessly, will be rallied in the councils of the nation. The South is in danger from the apathy of her people, the Union is in peril from the efforts of aspiring and unprincipled demagogues. Remedy the one, and you preserve the other. Let the Southern people arise in their majesty and punish the men who have dared to add insult and injury. Georgia has appealed to Massachusetts and the world in behalf of her rights. She used no threat, but expressed her determination to stand no longer the systematic warfare of the North against the South. Has this appeal been heard? Has it been heeded? Alas! party, the expectation of hungry *hangers on*, to feast on the spoils of power, has disarmed this solemn appeal of its moral strength, and been instrumental in kindling anew the devouring elements of discord."—*Floridian & (Fa.) Journal.*

RECENT NORTHERN SIGNS.

THOSE presses in the South, which favor the late Compromise and submission to it, tell us that the recent signs at the North all point to its faithful observance; that the people of the free or "hireling" States will stand by with cordiality, will enforce the Fugitive Slave Law, will put down fanaticism and Abolition madness, and will rally to the support of the Constitution and the laws. The case of the fugitive Sims, from Savannah, is held up as the evidence of all this—not a word by the way, being said of the Crafts. Shadrach and many others. The submissionists shout over this single triumph, as they call it, of the law, and point to it as a proof of the conservatism and law-abiding character of the people of Boston and the North. The fact that his surrender cost from 2000 to 5000 dollars, of course, is not mentioned. Nothing is said of the fact that he was taken out of Boston to the ship in the dead hour of night—nothing of the files of soldiers which guarded against a re-capture. Let these facts also be mentioned in connection with his arrest, and we doubt if many Southern men will clap their hands in token of their joy at this glorious token of Northern good will to Southern slaveholders. We are astonished that any one can gain one gleam of hope from this much boasted case. A court house surrounded by chains, its doors barricaded to prevent a rescue, and companies of soldiers blocking up the streets leading to the Halls of Justice! It looks more like a state of seige, than the peaceful enforcement of a law. How much proof can be found, in all this, of Northern conservatism and willingness to do justice to the South?

While the submission journals were boasting of this glorious instance of the execution of the law, the Legislature of Massachusetts, sad to relate, was electing Sumner, the open and avowed enemy of the law, and a rabid Abolitionist, to the Senate of the United States! This was one more sign of Massachusetts conservatism—and one which could not so easily be boasted over. This conclusive evidence of the utter and complete hostility of the people of that State, to the rights and interests of the South, is enough to hush the mouths of every Constitutional Union Party man in our midst. Talk of the readiness of Massachusetts to carry out a law which by the election of Sumner she declares to be "MOST CRUEL, UNCHRISTIAN, AND DEVILISH!"

That our readers may more clearly draw their own conclusions, in regard to this matter, we present them with a short extract or two from a speech of Mr. Sumner, the new Senator, at a Free Soil State Convention, held October 3d, 1850. Here are his sentiments:

"We demand, first and foremost, the instant REPEAL OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL."

"We demand that Congress receive into the Union NO NEW SLAVE STATE.

"And yet one thing further must be done: THE SLAVE POWER MUST BE OVERTURNED, so that the Federal Government may be put openly, actively, and perpetually ON THE SIDE OF FREEDOM." * *

"And, still further, as if to do a deed which should make Heaven weep, 'all earth amazed,' this same Congress, in disregard of all the cherished safeguards of freedom, has passed a cruel, unchristian, devilish law, to secure the return into Slavery of those unfortunate bondmen who are found sheltered by our firesides."

Such are the declarations and such the sentiments of the man elected, in the very face of Daniel Webster, to occupy his place in the Senate. The God-like Daniel is refused to be heard in Faneuil Hall, *because he desires to see the law enforced*, and Sumner is elected to fill his seat in the Senate, *because he desires to see that "devilish law" made null and void!* What a glorious sign is seen in Massachusetts! How full of hope must this make the hearts of our Constitutional Union friends! Or rather, what an insult to the South was the elevation of such a man to the United States Senate!

But still, this is but one of the signs which has recently appeared to fill the bosoms of the compromisers in the South, with glorious hope and confidence. The election of Hamilton Fish in New York, and of Wade, in Ohio, to seats in the United States Senate—both ultra Abolitionists and enemies of the Fugitive Slave Law—are two more of the same nature, which have appeared, within a very brief period, to display without shadow of doubt the triumph of Abolition principles and the total disregard of Constitutional obligations. We now see New York, Massachusetts and Ohio represented in the Senate by ultra Abolitionists, and the people of the three great States of the North, thus declaring that they repudiate and utterly disregard the Fugitive Slave Law.

So stand things at the North. Abolitionists and Free-Soilers carrying out their principles, and successfully too, everywhere; some States nullifying the law, some disregarding it, some electing men pledged to its immediate repeal, and all proclaiming hostility to Slavery. Instead of being willing to let the Fugitive Slave Law be executed, the people everywhere in the free States cry out against its iniquity. The current of public opinion, on this point, is deep, strong and overwhelming. The South gave up her share of a territory rich and boundless, for the sake of a law which is everywhere disregarded and nullified. Such are the fruits of the great adjustment. So much for *compromising* the Constitution.

We have thus merely glanced at some of the recent signs, which the Constitutional Union Party tell us can be seen at the North, and from which they profess to draw hope and encouragement for the future. The future! Judging from recent events and portending shadows, what patriot can but draw the most melancholy conclusions in regard to its complexion and results. It is covered with clouds and darkness. We see not one ray of hope for the South. All, all is black and threatening. Every day, the number of our enemies increases, and still our people seem to be unconscious of the danger. Every day, we hear of some new manifestation of hostility to our rights, of utter disregard of our institutions. And yet, in the face of such warnings, we see little if any preparation for their defence and protection.

We tell the Southern people that the signs at the North are all full of hostility, instead of friendship. Wisdom would warn us to prepare for the worst. Nothing but a firm united front of resistance can preserve us from the gathering strength and the fierce attacks of the Free Soil host. Many are unwilling to resisst, *for the sake of the Union.* A more destructive policy could not be imagined. Let the rights of the South be yielded for the sake of the Union, and we will lose our right, our liberties and the Union together.—*Augusta (Ga.) Republic.*

THE SOUTHERN RIGHTS PARTY.

REFLECTION forces on our mind the consideration that it is not only a high duty, but a fixed necessity on the part of the friends of Southern Rights (and in this class we include all who are opposed to the Clay compromise) to maintain a separate and distinct organization. The duty arises from the fact, that, by any other course, the rights of the South will become swallowed up and forgotten in an absorbing National party struggle, in which nothing better is to be gained or lost than a worthless party victory, or an equally unimportant defeat. If the Southern Rights party does not hold its banner of principle and of justice aloft, amid the corrupting and jarring conflicts for the patronage of a Presidential triumph—who will do it? It will be a cause without champions.

The necessity arises from the fact that there is no other political party extant, North, South, East, or West, with which it can a present unite, without lowering its standard, abandoning its cause, and sacrificing its principles. In our last we undertook, and we think successfully, to show that affiliation even with the Democratic party of the North—that party in which alone, even a show of friendliness to the South was manifested, was impracticable, except at the expense of merging our principles and our cause in a general melee for Presidential honors. If the Southern Rights party is in earnest—if it believes in its principles, if the great wrongs to its section which have given it existence are realities—there can be no hesitancy in rejecting any alliance which offers them hopes of office and power in exchange for principles. The Southern Rights party hold out an allurement to entice the ambitious politician and the place-hunter. It is an armed neutrality, organized for the purpose of keeping "watch and ward" over one great object. It believes that the institutions of the South are in great danger,—that its power is the only shield that now interposes between abolition and its victim—that if that shield is withdrawn, the arm of fanaticism uplifted for the final blow, will descend with fearful certainty and terrible effect. Its rewards are simply and purely patriotic. It fights for no pay. It hopes for nothing but to be able to defend the weak against the strong and to rescue its country "as a brand from the burning," and save it from the perils to which a demented submission has exposed it. Its object is to defend the South from its enemies; to make no compromise with pretended friends, and to hold all men and parties, at home and abroad, as "in peace friends, and enemies in war."

If it is desirable to have friends in the North, a powerful Southern Rights party is of paramount importance to create them. If they need our help—and without it they are helpless—let them have it *only* on condition of *full justice to the South.* They may come to us on this platform—we can never go to them, on the platform of submission.

The Southern Rights party, now occupying this proud position, can exert its power successfully in moulding a great party co-extensive with the Union on the basis of justice to the South. But if this cannot be done, the Union is gone. It is the only way of saving it. We look upon submissionism as the high road to either disunion or to a consolidated despotism at Washington. The American Union as it was created, can be saved on Southern Rights principles. Resistance to the centralizing tendencies of Abolitionism and Federalism is the shibboleth of the "Union as it was." It is the mission of the Southern Rights party to save it from its militant enemies abroad, and its more dangerous and passive foes, the submissionists at home.—*Columbus Tri-Weekly Tribune.*

SECESSION—THE UNION OF THE SOUTH.

WE have maintained that by secession, South Carolina will not be *de-Americanized*—we go a step further, and assert that she will be more than ever *Southernized* by that act.

Suppose that secession does not result in a Southern Confederacy, (which we are by no means prepared to admit,) in what way will it separate South Carolina from Georgia, North Carolina and the other Southern States? So far as Government is concerned—all those functions of government concerned in the regulation of internal affairs, in giving security to life, liberty, and prosperity—those States are now as distinct and separate from each other as England and France. They lay taxes and collect them; they make laws and enforce them, over the whole domain of civil rights and the whole catalogue of crime, without concert or connection with each other. The union between South Carolina and her sister States consists in this—"The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." Here is the great bond which in our daily intercourse binds us together. We are indeed bound together, through the General Government, to give mutual aid in defence against the aggressions of foreign nations. But aggressions by foreign nations are of rare occurrence—and would never occur at all in the case of States whose great interests are a desirable element in the trade of all the civilized world, were they not implicated with other States having conflicting interests.

But by seceding from the Union, South Carolina will in no way disturb the relations of the other States with foreign powers or with each other. If these relations are changed at all, it will only be towards herself. Will secession so affect these relations as to *separate South Carolina from the rest of the Southern States, or to divide the latter among themselves?* This cannot happen, unless secession creates barriers against the local and commercial intercourse between them. But South Carolina will erect no such barriers. On the contrary, it will be her policy to remove any that exist, and by every means in her power to draw the Southern States closer to her and to each other. Every privilege and immunity which now exists, will be assured to the people of the other Southern States coming within her jurisdiction. She can do more. By increasing the value of these privileges and immunities, she can allure the people of the Southern States to exercise them to an extent they have never exercised before. If by laying a light duty of 7 to 10 per cent on imports, our intercourse is not promoted, the remedy is very easy. We can abolish the custom house altogether, declare absolute free trade with all the world, and collect whatever money we need to carry on our government by direct taxes. It can be demonstrated that the General Government takes by indirect taxes from every man, woman and child in South Carolina, not less than five dollars a head, nearly the whole of which is spent in other States. One half that sum will be more than sufficient to support the government of South Carolina as a separate State, whilst the whole will be expended among her own people.

Will the other Southern States be alienated from South Carolina by this policy? Admit that the world shall suddenly be stricken with scruples, and that not a dollar's worth of our merchandize shall be smuggled across the borders, how will our relations towards the other other Southern States be changed for the worse? If a merchant in Savannah or Mobile, instead of going farther to New York, thinks proper to import his goods from Charleston, he will pay the same duties on them in his own port, which must have been already paid if he had bought them in a city of the United States. In both cases the duty, say 30 per cent., is levied and no more. But there will be advantages which Charleston will have over Northern cities. Free Trade will ensure to Charleston the absolute monopoly of the interior trade of South Carolina, and will thus secure the basis of a perfect system of marine transportation. Free Trade will make Charleston the depot of goods for the whole continent. It will be nearer and cheaper for the Southern merchants to purchase the goods as they are wanted, and pay the duty on them only when they are wanted, than to have the burden of the duties exacted at New York, lying for a long time on them. Trouble and time are of themselves taxes,—and distance renders intermediate agencies unnecessary.

Under such a policy South Carolina will not only import for the South, but most probably for the West Indies and the whole Southern continent. And we ask will South Carolina thus separate herself from the other States? On the contrary, will they not be more united to her, and more united amongst themselves, than they have ever been? The truth is, the General Government, by its usurping and aggressive policy, has disunited the Southern States, and made them tributary to the North. Instead of importing and exporting for themselves, the North imports for them, and, if not soon corrected, will also export for them. New York has been eagerly, and not without success, seeking to become the great market for the export of cotton, as she is for the imports which it buys. To liberate the South from this thraldom, to unite her people in the enjoyment of their own resources and the defence of their own institutions, and to make South Carolina finally more intimately united with them all, is the grand object of secession. If the statesmen of South Carolina are only true to these great objects before them, it is not in the power of mortal man to prevent their consummation.—*Charleston Mercury.*

RETALIATION.

A letter, received by a large manufacturing establishment at Newark, N. J., from one of its agents at Memphis, mentions what they are now talking about in Mississippi, by way of reprisal on the northern Abolitionists. It is nothing less than to pass a law refusing the north the use of their courts, judges and sheriffs, to collect its debts. They say the northerners refuse to give up the property of the southerners, and they will not help them to get theirs in return. Such a course is amply justified by the course of the northern people. They have no better constitution or legal right to collect debts in the South, than the Southern people have to reclaim fugitive slaves in the north. We predict now, that if resistance to the fugitive slave bill is persisted in, Mississippi will not be the only State which will thus retaliate. There is a great deal said of the soundness of the majority of the northern people on the Slavery question, and much more is said than is true. The fact is, that there is a unanimous sentiment against the institution of Slavery as a sin and a crime. We believe, however, that a majority of the northern people acknowledge that they have no constitutional right to interfere with it, and acknowledge their legal obligation to observe the requirements of the fugitive slave bill. But this is not enough. They should set their faces against the agitators as enemies of the Union—they should hold themselves in readiness to render assistance to the officers to the United States when in pursuit of fugitives—they should point out and aid in bringing to speedy justice all who take steps to offer resistance to the constituted authorities—and they should frown down, upon all occasions, those unprincipled individuals who are exerting themselves to create a sentiment of hostility to the Union. Until they do this, they cannot reasonably anticipate peace with the South, harmony in the Union, or stability and security for the federal constitution.—*St. Louis Times.*

CONSEQUENCES OF SECESSION.

IF the General Government applies force to prevent the secession of a State, or to coërce her after secession, it must either be a denial in solemn form of the right of secession, under any circumstances, or an act of war against a foreign State. If the right be denied we will have the strange spectacle of a republican government founded on force; and not only a republican government (for our central authorities do not form a government, properly speaking, nor is that term applied to them by the highest authority) but a league or Confederacy existing by force, while all its constituent sovereignties profess to have entered it voluntarily, and to remain in it voluntarily.

If, on the other hand, the right be admitted and force be used on other grounds, it will be for the United States to show the causes and motives of the war. A republican and limited government, enacting the tragedy of Poland or Hungary, will be a spectacle of which the world will require some explanation. It will remain, therefore, for the President and his Cabinet, to show cause why they wage a war against a sovereign State, closely allied morally, socially, ethnically and geographically, and especially must they exclaim to the Southern States, why they are called on to assist in subjugating and humbling a slaveholding State?

Whether we take the Gunboats—the phantom ships—or the Cordon theory—the above results will follow the first attempt at coercion.—*Columbia Telegraph.*

Selections.

MR. THOMPSON'S ADDRESS

AT NORRISTOWN, PA.

BY the hour appointed for the meeting, a large and highly respectable audience had gathered in the Baptist church, which had been granted by the consent of the members for Mr. Thompson's use. Large numbers were present from the neighboring counties of Bucks, Philadelphia and Chester, giving the meeting the appearance of the Annual Meeting of our State Society, held in the same place.

The meeting was opened by an introductory address from Rev. Samuel Aaron, who welcomed Mr. Thompson to Pennsylvania and to Norristown, on behalf of the numerous citizens who had extended to him the invitation to visit them. Mr. Aaron rapidly sketched Mr. Thompson's reformatory career, commenting upon the courage, the inflexible fidelity and the ability with which, for more than twenty years, he had breasted every form and institution of tyranny and injustice in the old world and the new; upon the all-embracing love with which he had encircled two continents and the isles of the sea; and the full consecration with which he had laid his noble powers on the altar of Humanity. He concluded his able address by introducing the oatorr of the day.

Mr. THOMPSON rose, and was heartily cheered by the assembly, After gracefully acknowledging the kind and complimentary reception extended to him, he alluded to the solemnity and importance of the subject, the serious spirit in which we should approach it, and, as an appropriate introduction, he opened the Bible and read the 58th chapter of Isaiah. Closing the book, he said:

I wish no other Book than this for my guide—I need none other for doctrine, reproof and instruction in righteousness. It is a book which cannot be read too much, and its doctrines are our hope and trust in the warfare we wage against wickedness.—Though unable, from ill health, to discharge my duty at this time, as I would wish to discharge it, I still am thankful for this opportunity of appearing before this large and intelligent audience. I feel the great responsibility he assumes who rises to speak to his fellow-men upon a question of such magnitude. To me, it has never been a light matter to address my fellow men upon the subject of Slavery, or upon any subject involving the rights of man, and I thank God that I have been able to keep the vow I made in my youth that I would never abuse the power of speech and the faculties he had given me, by prostrating those powers to the furtherance of injustice and oppression. I am happy to say that I have never uttered a sentiment in any address to my fellow men that, dying, I would wish to cancel or recall (applause).

Yet I am met at every step by the falsehoods of base and venal editors, who cover my name with obloquy, and seek to make me hateful in the eyes of the people. Such editors you have in your State, you have them in your town, and they have sought to prepare for me a reception far different from that which I have received at your hands.

They tell you that I am an enemy to your country; they tell you that I am a spy; well, if I am an enemy, there never was one before so public in his course—and if I am a spy, there never was one before so open in his acts, and who so freely told everybody what he was about (laughter and applause).

I am not an enemy of your country; I am not your enemy; I am the enemy of no man, or beast, or reptile on earth. I an enemy to your country! I who, in my early youth, read with delight the history of your struggles for Independence, and have ever rejoiced in the successful issue of those struggles. I an enemy of Republicanism! I, who have plead the cause of Republicanism in my own country in the face of oppression, of privileged classes, and a powerful aristocracy!

But they call me an infidel, also. If to plead the cause of the poor and needy, to defend the weak, to be eternally opposed to all wrong and oppression, is to be an infidel, then I am one! If to believe and practice the doctrines of this Bible, to love and reverence its author, is to be an infidel, then I am one! and not otherwise. I love and adore the God whose sun shines for all—who spreads the earth with verdue for all—who gives the early and the latter rain, that the fields may bring forth food for all, and who hates not anything his hands hath made, who loves his black and his white children alike, and who would have them live together like brothers in the goodly land he has given them; but I deny and defy the God who sanctions the enslavement of three millions of my brethren. This is the head and front of my infidelity. I tell these base scribblers who prostitute their talents to the meanest of all causes, to the calumny of the good, servility to power, and who live only to teach men to hate and devour each other, that they shall meet the the exposure they merit. I know them, and can turn them inside out and show the world the stuff of which such wretches are made (applause).

I am here, they say, "to abuse America!" Show me the paragraph from any speech of mine in which I have abused America. I have denounced Slavery—but I never abuse America or her institutions. No man *can* abuse Slavery; there is no language in which to adequately express its wickedness, you cannot reach the height of its enormities or fathom the depth of its horrors. As well seek to batter down Chimborazo with snow balls, as try to abuse Slavery; it can't be done! There it stands, sublime in its colossal guilt; no man can describe it, much less abuse it! If you say that Slavery is an *Institution* of your country, then I say I cannot help it; it affects the welfare of my brother man, and therefore I shall denounce it, and if this be rebellion, I can only say, as Falstaff says, 'I found rebellion in my way, and took it.' I shall still do my duty to the slave and demand his deliverance from his bondage.

But Slavery has no right to exist in America or anywhere else on earth! I love America, and wish to see her pure and free from this accursed thing. I love the democratic principles of her government, because I cannot be a christian without being a Democrat. Let any man come forward now upon this platform and name to this audience any American Institution I have abused. Have I abused the doctrine of equal rights? Have I abused the writ of Habeas Corpus? Have I abused the trial by Jury? Never! I claim to be the friend and advocate of each. But I solemnly protest here against putting a man on trial for his liberty because of his color whether he may or may not be free, I solemnly protest against putting a MAN on trial and submit it to any jury to decide whether he be a Man or a Beast. (Great applause).

But I "came to destroy the Union!" I destroy the Union! I, without parity, without wealth, without official station in it! Has it really come to this, that in the year 1851, the editors of the United States so libel their "great and glorious Union," as to publish far and wide that an humble individual like myself, can put a Union of twenty millions of people in danger? Why such a Union is not worth having—if one man can, by talking, put it in danger.—Nonsense my friends, the editors who publish such stuff, laugh at the folly of those whom they induce to believe it.

But they say I "came to promote intestine war." I promote war! I, who have been, in public and in private, an enemy of *all* war, and an advocate of universal peace! I hate all strife, and it is because I wish your country well and desire in my heart of hearts, her prosperity, that I plead with you for the abolition of that evil which mars your beautiful land, and, which if not repented of and abandoned, will finally sink this glorious land in hopeless ruin. I hate all wrong—I hate all monopoly—I hate what is called "protection," which always means to rob one man to help another; to plunder the many to help the few. I opposed the monopoly of human flesh, and I trust labored not in vain to destroy that monopoly, and set free the slaves in the British West India Islands. I hate all monopoly, and therefore, without pay, I labored to abolish the corn laws and give the poor of my own land the opportunity to buy bread cheaply, and had the pleasure of seeing the English slaves emancipated, and these odious corn laws abolished (applause).

I have ever been in favor of popular rights, I have plead for the extension of the franchise. I have done so, believing it to be the right of all who live under a government, to have a voice in the making of the laws, (applause). I have longed to see the day, and hope yet to see it, when the laborer may walk up to the polls with the booted squire and coroneted Baronet, and vote for the men who shall make the laws of the land, and make them equal and just towards the rich and the poor. For which of these things do the Americans hate me? For all perhaps. We have tories at home who hate me for it, and here you have your tories; the difference between them is this: ours are great and yours are little. You roll five hundred together and make one great tory; one person embodying the toryism of all, and seeking office at the hands of the slave power. Is it wonderful that such men hate and malign me because I hate oppression and defend the slave?

The Irish in every city are told to mob me; yes, the Irish, who never had, and have not now a firmer friend than Geo. Thompson, (applause). I have ever befriended Ireland and sustained her interests, and they know they LIE who represent me as the enemy of the Irish people. I was the personal friend of O'Connell, and labored with him in the great cause of human rights across the water. I sat in the House of Commons

The first vessels which came to this country freighted with slaves were Dutch vessels. Did the government of England pass laws obliging your fathers to buy slaves? Sometimes they tell us it is a divine institution; "that God originated it;" then it was the English (laughter). Have you kept Slavery here out of respect to England? Never. You did not like the tea tax, and you made tea for the fishes in Boston harbor, you did'nt like the "regulars" and you sent them the right about; you disliked excisemen, and you hung them on Boston Common; you did not like George the Third, and you drove him from the country. Now will you make us believe that you kept Slavery just out of respect to England! No, no, it won't do to tell that story (laughter and applause). You kept it because you liked it! It tempted you with luxuries, ease, power, sensual gratifications, and you liked it. And as to the "divinity" of Slavery, no slaveholder ever kept it for its divinity—when cotton falls a half-penny per pound, all the South are in convulsions. If it were not profitable to keep slaves then farewell "divinity," the South would be the last place on earth to keep the institution, because it was a "divine" one!

I wish you to look at this subject as accountable beings. Think of it! a nation of nineteen millions free, prosperous and happy people, with a rich and boundlessly fertile country—happy, because free; and within that nation an entire nation of slaves! a nation within a nation; one nation revelling in freedom, and holding in their grasp an entire nation of slaves! holding eight times as many in bondage as were slaves in Egypt for whose sake God plagued Egypt ten times, and at last brought them out and sunk the hosts of Pharaoh in the Red Sea! And is it not a horrid thought that these three millions are slaves *because* you are free! Is it your unbounded freedom which enables you to hold them in chains!

We are pointed to the poor of England, and told to free our slaves in England, before we pity the American slaves and ask their freedom. There are no slaves in England. There is no possible comparison between the poor and oppressed of England, and the chattel slave of America. I speak of three millions! and not a wife among them all! I speak of three millions! and not a maiden among them all, whose honor may not be violated by any wretch with the utmost impunity. Can this be done in England? No, there is no man or set of men who can thus ruthlessly trample upon the rights and honor of woman! There is no power in England which enables any man or set of men to take the child from the parent and sell it on the auction block, to separate families and sell them into endless bondage! And it is but a hue and cry to cover this damnable sin of Slavery when they cry out "look at home! look to your English slaves." There are poverty and oppression in England, and all that I could do I have done and am doing to expose and remove them.

It seems to be the one great object now, for which your Government exists, to *eternize* Slavery! It mingles with every question which is discussed, and decides all questions, from the admission of a State, and the government of a Territory, to the election of the selectmen of every town and village throughout your country. A few days since I saw in a New York paper, a total repudiation of the great doctrine of equal rights laid down in your Declaration of Independence, and the *Washington Union* about that time contained a similar article. The first of these papers called the doctrine of equal rights a "pestilential political lie!" and declared it to have emanated from Voltaire, the Infidel, and that it was not, as has been said, a "self-evident truth." Thus the spirit of slavery is poisoning your very life, and destroying all hopes of the liberties of the people.

Look at the spirit of Slavery, its unutterable cruelties, its atrocious disregard of all moral purity; no safeguard of marriage, nothing but one vast concubinage; look at the absolutism of slave ownership—the slave is a beast, with no rights as a man, no legal rights whatever. The Bible is deliberately withheld from three millions of God's creatures, the children of America! The Hindoo beneath the walls of Juggernaut may hope for that Book; the Otaheitan in the Sandwich Isles may hope for that Book; the red men in the Western wilds may hope for that Book; but the slave, never! A Christian people have builded around him a wall so high, so deep, so broad, you cannot reach him, and if you scale that wall to give him the Word of God, your punishment is DEATH for the second offence!

We are told that religion will cure the evill if we will but let it alone. Let us see. From Dr. Stuart of Andover to Dr. Smith of Charleston, South Carolina, by a host of the most influential ministers of the land, the Bible has been declared to be on the side of Slavery. How, then, can we look for the religion of the land which sanctions Slavery to abolish that which it sanctions as right and just? Certainly not. Will a pro-slavery religion get rid of Slavery? How soon would you get rid of smuggling—were smuggling popular, profitable, a source of power and honor, and justified by the Church—if men could smuggle themselves into office, into larger salaries; smuggle themselves into the presidential chair, into pulpits and respectable society? Were your senators smugglers, and your ministers smugglers, and smuggling was every day declared by the most polite, learned and refined of the land, to be a very genteel, respectable employment, and a *divine* employment also, do you think smuggling would ever cease? Of course it would not: and as long as you make Slavery respectable and divine, as long as you chose slaveholding, Slavery-sustaining Presidents and Senators and Governors, so long will Slavery be respectable, and rear its haughty head in the world.

I know that *true* Christianity is utterly opposed to Slavery—and it is our only hope—but it must be applied to the conscience. It must be spoken and lived, its light be made to shine. But the Christianity of America will never destroy Slavery at the South. The masters are bishops, are deacons, and church members in high repute, yet hold their brother in chains and deprive him systematically of all his rights as a man. Will such a religion abolish Slavery? When we are told by the organ of the New School Presbyterians in Philadelphia that when the Rev. Mr. Grosvenor brought before the Presbyterian General Assembly at Utica the other day a resolution pronouncing the Fugitive Slave Law unchristian, it was received with an universal laugh. Does that look as if the Christianity of America would ever remove Slavery?

There can never be any hope for the slave until the doctrine is universally preached and felt that *man cannot hold property in man*—the thing is utterly and forever impossible. If I hold my brother as property—as a beast—I must combine in myself the attributes of both man and God, and he must, to be my slave, be at the same time both man and beast! It is blasphemous to claim ownership of a man! It is atheism in its utmost degree!

We are told that there are six hundred thousand Christian slaves at the South; six hundred thousand members of the body of Christ in bondage many of them held by their Christian brethren! See that Christian gang go forth to their unpaid toil! See the lash fall upon the shrinking flesh of woman.—See Christian maidens condemned to pollution, and Christian families torn asunder for gain. Is it not a sight for the world to abhor!

But a word as to the prospects of this cause, Abolitionism. Ask you, where it is? Where is it not? It is published by every tongueless effigy that swings in the wind. It shines in the light of every tar barrel of the mob. It is in the church, in the State, in the city; it is in the last log cabin built on the border of the western prarie. It is everywhere present. At the Capitol your statesmen sat seven months at the bidding of the abolitionists to discuss this question of questions. Your churches would crush it, but it is an ever-present troubler in their midst, calling them like the voice of conscience to repentance. It is in the souls of the mothers, in the sympathies of their daughters, in the free spirit of their sons. It is in human nature; politicians may lie, but human nature is true. Slaveholding bishops may come forward with their lawn sleeves, covering leprous souls, to justify Slavery; Presidents of Colleges may dig Hebrew roots all day to make from them a life-preserving elixir for it, but it must die.

Are they going up to Heaven with their Fugitive Bill? Will they demand of St. Peter to give back the free spirits delivered from their torments again into their power? Every human soul knows that man cannot be owned. You cannot grasp the man. You may destroy or enslave the body, but the soul rises above your reach. Do you believe in a God omnipotent in power and infinite in malignity, who has given a portion of his children the right to plunder and enslave their brethren? It is worse than atheism. Slavery defiles religion, turns the Christian into a tyrant, and makes God a demon. If Gabriel were to descend to earth and for an hour become a slaveholder, he would go back a sullied spirit.

This is our Abolition doctrine, that Slavery is sin—that man cannot hold property in man.

It is going like a plow-share through this nation, and turning up its evils to the sight of the world. Every day of Slavery is the concentration of the infamies of the African slave trade for fifty years. These abominations will not last forever. You servile Democrats and you slave hunting Whigs may say of the abolitionists as John the Baptist said of Jesus: "They must increase but we must decrease." Politicians cannot stay its progress. They are but the hands on the face of the clock, the shadow of the dial, moving as they are moved. When the people abolish Slavery in their own minds, it will cease. I abolished it for myself all over the world years ago, and now feel that I have no responsibility for it. What have you done? Have you loved ease, party wealth, honor, office, your "Country," the Constitution, or the "Union" better than the slave? Then you have been on the side of the oppressor. For your own sake, for the sake of the oppressed everywhere, for the sake of three millions in Slavery, come to this work. We have no option; at our peril we refuse the claims of the slave. The man who says he loves the heathen abroad in Ceylon or China, and hates or neglects the heathen at home, is a liar and a hypocrite. He who loves God, whom he hath not seen, will love his brother whom he hath seen. He who hates his brother that he has seen, loves not his brethren whom he has not seen.

The above, though a very meagre and imperfect sketch of Mr. Thompson's eloquent and thrilling speech, is all that we can give in a hasty sketch from very scanty notes. At this point in his remarks, as he was apparently drawing to a close, he was rudely interrupted by a young man, whose name was afterwards given as Mr. Apple, a teacher, and a divinity student. He demanded in a tone of offended and clerical arrogance, that "If the Gentleman (Mr. T.) was not a coward, and did not mean to creep out of what he had said, he should say distinctly whether he meant to say, that all the clergy of America were liars, and hypocrites." He (Mr. Apple) had seen Mr. Thompson reported as saying it in Canada, but he had avoided saying it openly here.

Mr. Thompson replied, that though the question might have been more modestly asked, and though the gentlemen might have inferred that he was neither a "coward" nor addicted to "creeping," he would answer it by repeating his declaration, that, whoever pretends to love the heathen abroad while he hates the heathen at home, is a liar and a hypocrite. He who pretends to love the Hindoo and hates his American brother, is a hypocrite. The divinity student again broke in upon Mr. Thompson, accusing him of evading the question and captiously complaining that his assertions being general, admitted of no exceptions. Mr. Thompson responded, showing by their own acts, that the American clergy, as a body, are the enemies of the colored people, sanctioning their enslavement, and the wicked prejudices under which they suffer, and conspiring either to banish them from the nation or perpetuate their bondage, and deliberately holding from three millions of heathen, the Bible, which they assert is the only guide to eternal life.

A warm discussion ensued, Rev. Mr. Wolff coming to the defense of his divinity Pupil, and Mr Thompson replying to their objections with great power and eloquence, and receiving the most enthusiastic applause from almost the entire audience. It would be in vain to attempt to report his brilliant and pungent retorts. His sentences rained upon his opponents like a shower of bullets, or arrows from Robin Hood's cross-bow.—Every sentence shattered some flimsy cavil or labored objection, and left it a wreck only to be more thoroughly torn by the next thought. It was no labored effort at linked and wire-drawn logic, but a rapid succession of brilliant and burning thoughts, leaping like flint-sparks from the mind of the speaker, into the exposed errors of his opponents, and exploding them at the touch. Yet each thought was full-formed, and each sentence rounded as perfectly as though polished by labor.

Both the student and his reverend preceptor accused Mr. Thompson of saying that *all* the American clergy hated the colored people, and were therefore "liars and hypocrites," and that he thereby condemed such men as Beecher, and others who openly preached against Slavery.

Mr. Thompson repelled the accusation. He had spoken in general terms as Jesus did of the Jews and the Pharisees, or as Isaiah did of the Israelites, and the exceptions would take care of themselves. No minister who was doing his duty would feel wounded. He honored the few ministers who were faithful. They were too few, too odious to their fellow clergymen, and met with too many rebuffs from Pro-Slavery men, for him to withhold all due honor from the least among them. No man of these would feel included in the rebuke of a negro-hating or Pro-Slavery clergy. Every such man excepted himself; he was a living exception, known and read of all men. These gentlemen, said Mr. Thompson, knew perfectly well that I did not condemn any clergymen who is awake to his duty to preach deliverance to the captives and to cry aloud against the sins of the people.

Rev. Henry Grew remarked that he had understood Mr. Thompson as he had explained himself; that he did not feel hurt by Mr. T.'s reproofs of the clergy, as he did not consider that the description included him, nor did he believe that any other truly Anti-Slavery minister would feel condemned.

Rev. Mr. Aaron followed in similar remarks, and proposed the question to the audience for their vote: did you understand Mr. Thompson to assert or imply that *all* the American clergy were hypocrites or Pro-Slavery? One thundering *no!* went up from the great assembly that made the house to ring. Then those who did so understand him were called to vote, and a single voice in the far end of the room squealed out an *aye*, which was answered by a hearty laugh from the audience.

After a few remarks from Mrs. Mott, expressing her hope that Mr. Thompson might consent to speak in Philadelphia, on Firstday afternoon, and an expression of consent from Mr. T., the meeting adjourned, and the audience slowly dispersed to their homes, evidently feeling that they had enjoyed a rich feast.—*Pa. Free'n.*

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ.

At the last evening session of the N. E. Anti-Slavery Convention, in Cochituate Hall, May 29, 1851.

[PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY J. M. W. YERRINTON,

For The Liberator.]

MR. GARRISON, in behalf of the Business Committee, having submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That we regard the visit of GEORGE THOMPSON to these shores as having been singularly well-timed, and already productive of the most cheering results; that we rejoice at his presence on this occasion; that, in view of his approaching embarkation for England, this Convention tenders to him its profound respect, its warm admiration, its sincere gratitude, and its fervent benediction; and earnestly expresses the hope that he will soon be with us again, not as a transient but as a permanent laborer in the sacred cause of universal emancipation:

MR. THOMPSON responded in substance to the following effect:

MY FRIENDS—This is just one of those occasions when I feel least able to acquit myself in a manner at all creditable to myself, or satisfactory to those who do me the honor of listening to me. I hold in great dislike any reference to myself in any meeting whatever, and I should, on my own behalf, willingly forego the observance of the custom, perhaps too common, of offering resolutions of commendation to public meetings. My friends, I have been a thousand times fully rewarded for having come amongst you. I have enjoyed some of the most blessed moments of my life since I visited these shores. I have had the delight of meeting many whom I knew in years gone by, of renewing friendships that I will not say had been suspended, but the enjoyment of which had been lessened by separation, and have had the unspeakable pleasure of forming new and imperishable alliances; and when far away from this country, I shall look back with delight to hours spent with those whom I did not know before, but whom I shall never cease to love, now that I do know them.

I shall leave your country, sir, satisfied, and more than satisfied, with my reception amongst you. It is true, I have not been a guest in the White House at Washington—I have not been permitted to deliver orations before historical societies in South Carolina or Maryland—I have not been bidden to city feasts, or been the favored guest of Government officials; but it has been given me, by a severe but invaluable touchstone, to discover the truest and noblest spirits you have amongst you (cheers). I am satisfied with my acquaintances and with my friends. I am satisfied to have been received to the homes and hearths—and, I trust, to the hearts, too—of many of the sons and daughters of the Pilgrim Fathers (cheers)—and I go from these shores, when I shall go, with the satisfaction of knowing that I have not touched the flesh of a slaveholder, nor given my hand to one who is his friend (great applause).

But, sir, what would America be without the men with whom I have associated? What would this country be but the scorn of the civilized world, if it were not for the men with whom it has been my high honor to unite? Slavery then would be universal—the darkness unirradiated; it would be a mass of putrescence, without a single grain of salt. I go to tell the people of England that there are 'more than seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal. The Boston that sent back Sims, that enchained its own Court, that made its Chief Justice to crawl like a serpent to his own bench, and draggle his ermine in the mire—that Boston has yet ten righteous men and women within its borders, to propitiate the clemency of heaven, and save themselves and their city from the brimstone and fire that consumed the cities of the plain.

I say, Mr. President, that I rejoice that I have been permitted to mingle once again with the abolitionists of America; and I confess to the conviction, that a band of purer, more earnest, more self-sacrificing reformers does not exist in the world, never has existed, and never will exist, than the abolitionists of this country; and that their triumph is decreed, I feel certain. I know that many a Balaam, tempted and bribed by the Moabites, has gone up to curse them; but I also know that there is One that sitteth in the heavens that hath said, 'they are blessed and they shall be blessed.' I know the curse shall not prosper, but shall recoil upon themselves, and that the blessing which has been promised shall remain unto the end (great cheering).

Sir, my stay in this country has been lengthened beyond the period I had originally intended. Some may ask why I have remained so long? Let the mobocrats of Faneuil Hall answer (applause)!—I have stayed to trouble Mr. Clay, who could not avoid insulting me on the floor of the Senate House, assisted by the Dodges and Casses around him. You will find the reason of my stay here in the attempt of the Slave Power, and its minions and myrmidons throughout the country, to prevent me from speaking in America. I have remained here to test the right of free speech (cheers). I have conquered (renewed cheers)—but it has not been because of the faithfulness of officials to their oath or to the principles of freedom. I have conquered, because the children of the Puritans have not forgotten their ancestry, and will not yield the right of free speech themselves, nor the right of listening to a man who is determined to speak for himself. I have been heard gladly in various sections of the North; nor have the men of property and standing even of that distinguished town in your Commonwealth, [Springfield,] who sought to gag my lips, been able to prevent my speaking to approving and applauding audiences among them. I say that I gather from my own experience sure indications of the coming triumph; and I cannot look around this assembly without drawing from it an augury of the success of the great principles for which we contend.

But, my friends, you have watchful eyes over you. The world will know of the sentiments that have been uttered in this place to night. There are no real enemies to this cause; there are, at least, no potent enemies to this cause. Were the people of this country true to themselves, and true to the principles of Liberty, then Slavery would vanish like the mists of the morning. This mighty nation fears to put forth its strength. The church of America is free to grasp the salvation of the world, with the exception of three millions in the Southern States. They have faith for China, faith for Japan, faith for Hindostan, faith for the islands of the sea; but they cannot trust God in reference to the slaves of their own country. The 30,000 ministers of this country dare not be true in regard to America. Why, my friends, the Christian churches of this country have deliberately avoided the question of the abolition of Slavery, and turned it over to the vain and ungodly of the land! It is deliberately put out of the churches; scouted from religious assemblies; set aside in conferences; slighted in Presbyteries; not permitted to enter Associations; always arrogant, always impertinent, always officious, always coming to stop revivals; and so the question of Slavery, with the destinies of its three millions of victims, is handed over to canting scapejacks, or anybody else who chooses to care about such a matter. A Samaritan, passing by this nation of captives, wounded, bleeding, robbed and lifeless by the wayside, may therefore be permitted to stoop down and speak a word of comfort to the victims, and a word of rebuke to those who have wronged them.

Mr Phillips has truly styled this a great work There can be no greater work than the delivery of an entire nation from the chains of Slavery. Their God is the same God who heard the cries of the children of Israel in the land of Goshen—is the same God who said, 'Let my people go, that they may serve me'—is the same God that overwhelmed Pharaoh in the Red Sea, and, with cloud of smoke and pillar of flame, led his children through the wilderness. The American Church believes this, then what are we to think of this Church? I admit, my friends, that I have said hard things of this Church, for I know no guiltier portion of the American people than those professed Christian denominations who have not yet declared on the side of the bleeding slave (loud cheers). Glad am I to see the popular sentiment of my own country determined to cast out such men; and, however they may be looked upon here, to regard them only as polluted and pestiferous men, on the other side of the Atlantic. They have sent their Presidents of Colleges, and their divines, from half the States of this continent, to ask the money of England to aid the work of the gospel in this land. I think they will not come on such an errand again. I wish them to know that when I return to my own land, it will be to rescue the Christianity of the British islands—the word of God in Britain—from the polluting touch of the Coxes and others who went there to make shipwreck of our faith (tremendous applause).

This question of Slavery involves mighty issues. We have been accustomed to look only at the present evil, without calculating its results. There are those who say that this state of things is to be eternal—that this institution is to live and flourish as long as tyranny shall desire or a slave can be bought. Well, then, we have not got to contemplate these three millions in their chains alone; but generation after generation yet unborn. You have your gatherers of human flesh, your speculators in woman's virtue, who seek by every means to swell the purity of 150,000 females in this country, who are waiting until a male child is born that they may write beast upon its forehead, and register it in their ledgers. There are 600,000 human beings in this country, good enough to call Christ their elder Brother, good enough to declare that they are the adopted children of the Lord God Almighty—good enough to be inhabited by the Holy Ghost—good enough to anticipate the day when they shall walk in white in the courts of heaven—yet not good enough to be American citizens. They may enter into the covenant of Christ's glorious gospel—they may be kings and priests of the Lord Almighty—they may call him Father—they may walk in rags here, with assured faith that they shall walk in robes hereafter; but they are not good enough to be admitted into your churches—not good enough to dwell on this soil—not good enough to go into your city schools—not good enough to have a seat at the dinner-table on board a steamer! The temple of the Holy Ghost sold with swine—the temple of the Holy Ghost kept to bring calves to market!

O, my friends, there is something involved in this question beyond the redemption of this bruised people. It is a struggle for religious purity. I hesitate not to say that America is the direst enemy of revealed religion in our own or in any times. If I drew my ideas of religion from this country, I should curse religion, and believe in annihilation. What idea must I form of God, if I am to believe Dr. Dewey or Moses Stuart, who look through an American Dollar to a Scripture that upholds and defends Slavery? You have three millions of people in your country—sentient and immortal beings, with souls capable of infinite progress—and your Doctors of Divinity teach a God who hands them over to their brother mortals, and says, 'Take them, do with them as you will!' I will not believe in such a God. I choose the God that buried Pharaoh under the waters of the Red Sea. I choose a God that said, 'If any man taketh his brother, and selleth him, he shall surely be put to death.' I choose a God that says, 'Bewray not him that wandereth'—'Thou shalt not deliver to his master the servant that is escaped from his master unto thee.' I choose the gospel which says, 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do to you.' I believe in that gospel which is written down a lie by the practice of the American people.

I am told that the men of this country are free, and that they love liberty. Well, I do not know that there is any virtue in being free, or in loving freedom. There is not a man in Leverett street jail to-night who does not love liberty as much as Daniel Webster—and perhaps deserve it as much (great burst of merriment and applause).

The man who is continually boasting of his own liberty, telling how his fathers died to gain, how it is blood-bequeathed, and how he would not part with it but with life, and yet uses this freedom to oppress and enslave his fellow man, is a hypocrite, and every true republican community should spit the monster forth, to be the scorn and derision of the world (loud cheers). You would treat such men so if they were upon any other shore. Let any man come to this land, and direct your attention to three millions of slaves in another quarter of the globe, deprived of their personal liberty and freedom of conscience, and ask the influences of the American clergy in their behalf, and they would find Anti-Slavery blazing on every page of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation. But America carries two bags—one before and one behind. In the one behind she puts her own sins, and turns her back upon them; in the one before she carries the wrongs of other countries, of which she has ever a full appreciation and a virtuous abhorrence (laughter and cheers).

I have heard more about the Slavery of England since I have been here, than I ever heard during the forty years I have lived there. I never saw a slave in England. Poverty we have, injurious competition in labor we have, criminals we have, paupers we have—but they are free, (cheers). Let the proudest South Carolinian lay a finger upon the wife or daughter of the humblest man in England, and he would soon find that he was not a slave. The Englishman would not wait for the courts to avenge the insult; he would avenge himself (cheers).

I am here to declare, that, within the reach of British laws, within the British dominions, there is not a chattel slave. Even the pauper can bequeath that liberty to his son, of which you have deprived 3,000,000 of your fellow-beings. You justify, and glory in, your revolutionary struggle, but you were in no more danger then than the slaves are now. You were then 3,000,000 in number. The census just completed shows the number of slaves to be 3,200,000; and they are just as good as the nation that freed itself from Great Britain in 1776. You may remind foreigners of your Washingtons and Jeffersons, but, if I may judge from the specimens I have seen who have run away from the prison-house, there are Washingtons and Jeffersons—ay, and Franklins too—still in bondage. Yet if I dare to speak of rescuing property such as I have seen and heard here at the North from the chains of Slavery, I am hooted at and insulted by politicians and the patriotic of the land. America is glad to stifle the voice of the man who speaks against a system, the guilt of which no man's imagination can grasp.

I shall return to my own land to set before my countrymen the true state of things in this land. I do not disguise from Americans my intention to do this. Your public men shall have justice at my hands. I owe them nothing (laughter), and if I did, I would settle the account before I sailed. I say, my friends, I will endeavor to tell my countrymen the condition of things in this country. I think I understand them. I may not talk so fluently about your local matters as one of yourselves, but it is not because I do not understand them, but simply because I am not familiar with your nomenclature. I think Mr. Bancroft himself, well as he understands English affairs, would find himself embarrassed in attempting to speak on political matters upon a popular platform. But I think I comprehend what is meant by your various terms, Whig and Democrat, Free Soiler and Barnburner, Hunker and Silver Grey, Liberty Party and No Party man, etc., and I shall endeavor to simplify your nomenclature to my countrymen, that they may know where you really stand. If they ask me if the Abolitionists are really respectable and decorous people, I will tell them that they are. If they ask me with whom I had the honor of sitting down to dinner—whether I was entertained by the Mayors of cities or by wealthy merchants—I shall say no. But I shall say I have had the high, the inestimable honor of laboring with men, any one of whom it is an honor to know, and against whom all the shafts of calumny and hatred are turned in vain, and do but recoil upon the adversary, or fall pointless and harmless to the ground (long continued applause).

I would just leave a word of caution behind me. Let not the people of this country send any more falsehoods about the Abolitionists across the water. We are getting more and more infidel as to such statements, and, by and by, no American will be received as a Christian there, who is not regarded as an infidel at home. It is somewhat strange, that what you call infidels here, are our Christians in England.

The houses of worship in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland are more free than those of New York. In that city, with its many churches and public halls, with its gross idolatry of the dollar (to its everlasting shame be it said), not a place could be found for an anti-slavery meeting. And here in Boston, in which the swallows may build their nests in the churches from Sunday night to Sunday dawn, no house of worship is open to the friends of the slave; and its Faneuil Hall, once sacred to the liberty of speech, to the infamy of the city of the Puritans, is closed against the preaching of the doctrines you have heard here to-night.

The abolitionists of this country have been vilified and calumniated. The devoted leader in this sacred cause has been denounced as an infidel and blasphemer; and some in England, because they could not imagine that he would be wrongfully accused of every crime, simply because he turned a pitying eye on three millions of neglected slaves, have believed these calumnies; but the time is coming when the ministers of this country will have to bring a certificate signed 'WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,' to be admitted into the pulpits of Great Britain (prolonged cheers).

I have been greatly refreshed by my visit to this country. I shall return with a vast accumulation of facts upon the subject of Slavery, and illustrative of the universality of the slave power. These facts and illustrations, I shall, whenever I have the opportunity, spread before my countrymen, with such commentaries as will enable them to understand the true position of the great question. Though the truth will compel me to draw a mournful picture of the state of this land upon the question of Slavery, I shall yet speak with hope and confidence of the final issue. I will try to make the people of England understand the nature of the benefit which this discussion is conferring upon those who embrace sound views; how such persons are coming to the appreciation of great truths, long corrupted or concealed by Slavery; how they are beginning to walk in a clearer light, and to regard men and things from a higher point, and through a juster medium; how, whilst promulgating purer doctrines, they are daily gaining knowledge and experience, and are exercising fortitude, and faith, and perseverance. I will endeavor to give the people of my own country some idea of the comprehensiveness, the magnitude, and the grandeur of this question. How it is linked, not only to the fate of millions on this soil, but to the fate, through all coming time, of the negro race throughout the world. How it has to deal with a mighty aggregate of immortal mind and physical energy, now imprisoned and kept down by Slavery; and how it seeks to lift off the weight, and say to a nation, 'Be free!' How the cause of Abolition here is the cause of Christianity itself, and aims to rescue this nation from a reproach, which even the heathen nations of the world are free from. How the discussion of Slavery is probing to the very core of the national Constitution, and bringing to light those original errors, from which a long and hideous train of calamities and curses have issued; and how this cause is fraught with the destinies of this continent, and is ordained to usher in the reign of true and impartial liberty. And, further, how this question is running like a refining fire through the church—revealing its rottenness, exposing its hypocrisy, causing its ministers to stand out as the guiltiest accomplices of the man-stealer, and its professions to appear hollow and false, while its practice is impious and atheistical. To those before me, who are laboring in this cause, I would say, You are not laboring for your country alone, but for the world. Make haste to free this land from the pollution of Slavery, and your character from the stain it has cast upon it—then shall your righteousness go before you, your influence, like another atmosphere, shall encircle the globe, and you shall be the heralds and the instruments of freedom to all the nations of the earth (loud cheers).

——DELAWARE ANTI-SLAVERY ANNIVERSARY.—The Seventh Annual Meeting of the Delaware Anti-Slavery Society, was held on the 31st of May, 1851, in the City Hall, Wilmington.

The meeting convened at 3 o'clock, P. M. The President and Vice President both being absent, Thomas Garrett was unanimously called to the Chair. The Treasurer's report was read, showing a balance of $121,08 in the treasury.

The Annual Report of the Society was read, and after some discussion and amendments, was adopted.

Lucretia Mott, C. M. Burleigh, James Mott, Thomas Garrett, and Benjamin C. Bacon took part in the debate.

Evening Session.—The President, William Chandler, took the Chair. The house being filled with a respectable audience mainly of the citizens of Wilmington. The minutes of the afternoon meeting were read by the Secretary.

The Nominating Committee reported the following list of officers for the ensuing year, which were adopted:

President—Wm. Chandler; *Vice President*—Thomas Garrett; *Rec. Secretary*—Pennock Pusey; *Cor. Secretary*—Edward Webb;—*Managers*—Ann Bassit, Mary Richards, Ann Semple, Thomas Garrett, Wm. Webb, James B Brook.

C. M, Burleigh, as Chairman of the Business Committee, reported a series of resolutions, of which the following alone have local interest.

9. Resolved, That we regard the law recently passed by the Legislature of our State, designed more effectually to degrade the people of color, by stripping them of the motives and means of self-elevation, as a most unprovoked assault upon a large and meritorious body of our countrymen.

10. Resolved, That the politicians and law-makers of our State, who have outraged every sentiment of Democracy, and every principle of justice in their treatment of the colored people, imposing upon them taxation without representation, holding them amenable to laws which they have no voice in making, and aiming generally to make them an alien and worthless population prove themselves insensible to the value of Freedom, and unworthy the confidence of freemen.

11. Resolved, That instead of finding cause of discouragement in the increasing endeavours of the Slave Power to perpetuate and extend its dominion, or in its recent victories over Liberty and Justice, they are now proofs to our minds of the necessity, the wisdom and the power of our movements—they exhibit the alarm of the advocates of Slavery for the safety of their system of wrong, and the importance of all their schemes and combinations to check the onward progress of our cause, to suppress free discussion, or smother the free spirit of the age.

——JUST FROM SLAVERY.—John Moore, and wife, with two others have arrived safely from Kentucky.—Mr. Moore desires to be kindly remembered to Elijah Moore, of Kentucky, his former owner, and that they had a very pleasant trip out, that his wife was in rather delicate health when they left Kentucky, but a change of atmosphere, coming to where it is unpolluted with Slavery, has greatly improved her.

This is the second time Mr. Moore has run away for his freedom. In the summer of 1850 he fled into the State of Indiana, where he hired for the term of two months and saved his wages. At the close of the term he returned to Kentucky, with all his wages and handed all over to his master, declaring at the same time that he was sick of freedom and the Abolitionists. He wanted a home that he could depend upon in sickness and at all times, that the abolitionists were not to be trusted, &c. This of course threw him right into the confidence of his master, and he was received back as a faithful slave. Many of his master's neigbor's tried to make him sell him fearing that he had only come back to steal his wife who belonged to a neighboring plantation. But his master refused to sell him on the ground of his being so honest.

The man who owned his wife would not allow him to visit her for fear he would steal her off. But Mr. Moore pretended to care nothing about his wife, but would slip in and see her every night about midnight. Finally her master informed him that he might come and take his things off if he wanted them. So he went on Sunday and gathered up his bed, clothing, &c., and abused his wife like a dog so far as words can go, and said he never wanted to speak to her again. This conduct removed all jealousy from her master's mind, and he would occasionly let her go out, Sundays and nights without watching her. So she asked leave to go a visiting on Saturday night with the privilege of staying until Sunday evening which was granted and her husband took her that night and never stopped short of Canada.—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

——A mass convention of the mechanics of Georgia is to be held on the 4th of July, to take into consideration the interests of that class of citizens. Strong efforts are making among the mechanics of Georgia to exclude negroes from all mechanical employments, through public opinion and legislation.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1851.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF PRESIDENTS.

THIS is the age of labor-saving inventions. The last half century or so has seen the world revolutionized more by machinery than by arms. Watt and Arkwright and Fulton have wrought greater changes in human condition than Washington or Napoleon. Whitney, by his accursed cotton-gin, poured a fresh vital tide into the veins of starving Slavery and breathed anew the breath of life into its nostrils. And now Claussen promises fair to deal it a deadly blow by his blessed enginery for the preparation of flax. It is nothing strange, then, that in an age and country which crowd the Patent Office with models of mechanic skill and make the National Courts of Justice resound with the disputations to which they continually give rise, should direct a portion of inventive energy to the improvement of that great branch of Manufacture which most of all engages the attention of this greatest and best of nations—we mean, of course, the Manufacture of Presidents. A Manufacture which needs no Tariff, which is independent of all Protection, which requires no capital to engage in it, and very little and very indifferent raw material for its manipulations, for which there is always a demand calling for the supply which is sure to come and with which it is impossible to overstock the market. Happy nation, that is certain of always having a President to its back! That is sure of never perishing of a famine of Chief Magistrates!

And it is but natural and proper that the latest improvement in this department of Science should emanate from that portion of the country which has in an eminent manner identified its prosperity with the Manufacturing Interest. As also that it should be put forth for the especial benefit of one who has accepted the Special Retainer of that Interest to argue its case in the Senate of the United States as it comes up and who has received, as it knows full well, full many an *honorarium* for his services as its leading counsel. In the earlier and less civilized days of the Republic the raw material seemed to offer itself spontaneously and men knew it well enough what they wanted and how to work it up according to their taste. So Washington and Adams and Jefferson were made up and answered their purpose indifferently well. Afterwards the Members of Congress undertook the difficult and delicate task of purveying in the market and finding the stock out of which Presidents were to be spun. This plan not working to universal satisfaction, the Convention system was next invented, by which the appearance of Nationality was given to the dictation of a handful of party leaders, which all members of the party were held bound in honor to promote and maintain. But this scheme not having contented all, as unluckily it could make but *one* nomination, the latest or Boston improvement has been hit upon, which the *Evening Post* calls "Nomination by Subscription," but which may be entitled as well, Nomination by Certificate of Recommendation.

Now it hath been of usage from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, that whenever a worthy but humble citizen deemeth himself competent to perform the office of constable, or hog-reeve, or post office clerk, or exciseman, or tide-waiter, and entirely sufficient to expend the sum or sums therefrom accruing, his friends seek to make amends for his obscurity by appending their names to a Recommendation and obtaining as many names besides as they can, for the honest purpose of producing an effect in the proper quarter. The necessity and propriety of such a course depends on the circumstance that the applicant and his many virtues are unknown, and that the public service would be in danger of losing his valuable aid without this friendly interposition. But whoever thought before of getting up for a man a Certificate of Fitness for the Presidency of the United States? When before did the friends of a public man undertake to get him into the highest office in the nation by means of a Character from his last place? Is not Mr. Webster as well known to the people of the United States as most of the signers of his "paper?" If not, of what particular value are their signatures? What is it these modest gentlemen say?

"We nominate DANIEL WEBSTER for the President of the United States—"

The deuce you do! And who the devil are you? And what of it? Suppose you do? What's the consequence? Not the election of Mr. Webster, we promise you; nor even his regular nomination.

We must do these worthy gentlemen the justice to say that this most egregious behavior of theirs, the object of which seems to be to make their candidate and themselves as ridiculous as possible, was matter of necessity and not of choice. The facts as they were brought to us by a little bird are substantially these. Of course we do not vouch for the minute accuracy of every detail. Several weeks ago, instructions came down from the Great Expounder that he must be nominated for the Presidency in Massachusetts at once, so as to be in the field before Fillmore or Scott. The Faithful, when the firman arrived, placed it reverently on their heads, and, bowing themselves, exclaimed, "Great is the Constitution, and Daniel is its Prophet!" But it was one of those rescripts of absolute power much more easy to give than to obey. Had it been merely for money, Mr. Franklin Haven might have known how to proceed, having abundant precedent to direct him. But as it was, he was forced to exclaim with Mr. Peter Harvey, in the message of despair he flashed over the wires to Washington when Shadrach was rescued, "*What's to be done?*" What *was* to be done, indeed? If the Webster Whigs had had the Legislature, it would have been simple enough, and a balm for all their ills might be found in a Legislative Nomination. But, alas, Truck and Dicker flourished triumphantly over them. Had they even had the Whig members, a Legislative Caucus, if unanimous, might have made a respectable presentation to the country. But, alack, they could not even elect a State Central Committee, till they had sent out to the Democratic and Free Soil towns to bring in special delegates for the purpose. Unanimity was out of the question, not to say the barest of majorities. If they could have relied upon the Whig Party in the State, they might have called a Convention and made a nomination with some show of decency. But, woe's me, they knew that the nomination of Mr. Webster was not only impossible by such a Convention, but that there was imminent danger, if it made any nomination at all, that it would be Fillmore or Scott that would be set up.

Under these circumstances, we may imagine the perplexity which must have beset the wise men sitting in council in the *penetralia* of Webster Whigdom, viz., the Bank-parlor of the Merchant's Bank. King Agramant's Court was a Quaker Meeting compared to it. Mr. Haven, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Albert Fearing, and the other Expounders of the Expounder and Defenders of the Defender, were at their wit's end. The thing must be done, for the *fiat* had gone forth. But how? At last (but, unluckily, not until both Fillmore and Scott had been nominated elsewhere) this happy device was hit on. We grieve to say that our information does not extend to the fortunate discoverer. We trust the world will not be permitted to burst in

It must be obvious to every intelligent person, that if Congress possessed power over Slavery as it exists in the Southern States, any attempt to exercise such power would break up the Union, just as surely as would an attempt to introduce Slavery into Massachusetts. These are subjects of mere State right, and State authority, intended originally to be left entirely with the States, and they must so be left still, if we wish to preserve the Union.

You are at liberty to make any use of this letter which you may think necessary, to remove false impressions. I am, my dear sir, with the truest regard, your bedient servant, DANIEL WEBSTER.

Hon. JOHN M. BOTTS, Richmond, Va.

SUCCESSFUL PURCHASE OF A D.D.

THE Rev. Dr. Pennington, a Presbyterian clergyman, of this city, of respectable standing in his church, but of the unconstitutional color, has been endeavoring, for some time past, to raise money abroad to purchase the right to live in his own country, and fulfil unmolested his duties to the society over which he is the ordained pastor. He has had some difficulty in accomplishing this object, we have understood, his own published narrative having given the impression that he was already free, and his manifest hostility to the American Anti-Slavery Society having lost him the confidence of many of the Anti-Slavery people in Great Britain and Ireland. Of course he has no one to blame but himself that the latter fact has been an obstacle in his path, as all those persons abroad who are not willing to sacrifice their Anti-Slavery to their Sectarianism naturally look to the American Society as the representative of the unadulterated Anti-Slavery of this country, and expect to find in those to whom they give their confidence as Abolitionists some sympathy in the principles and measures of that Society. Nor are we surprised that the account which he gave of his own life should have led all who read it to the belief that he was already free. That this statement was, however, for some reason made ambiguous is not impossible, and the fact is established that he was a slave as well as that a final attempt for his purchase has been successful. It is to be regretted that the influence of such a case must be lessened by the fact that doubt has been thrown upon Dr. Pennington's integrity. We copy below the letter of his friend to *The Independent*, giving the particulars of his purchase:

REV. DR. PENNINGTON.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 8, 1851.

MESSRS EDITORS: It will probably interest most of your readers to know that the "chattel personal" generally called Rev. Dr. Pennington, is in a fair way of becoming a man.

Dr. P. was born the slave of Frisbie Tilghman, of Hagerstown, Maryland, by whom he was *educated* a blacksmith, though an importrnt branch of his education was forgotten—that of teaching him his letters. At the age of about 21 he was regularly graduated in the "peculiar institution;" and his late master certified to me in a writing which I now have in my possession, and which we may regard as his diploma, that at this time "Jim was a first-rate blacksmith, and well worth a thousand dollars." At this age, feeling a desire to see something of the world before he decided where to settle, he one night took hasty leave and struck for the North Star; and finding after careful observation that he could locate himself more advantageously elsewhere, he has never returned to the "paternal roof." His experience of the "Institution" satisfied him that it was "a first-rate place to emigrate from."

After his escape he found protection and assistance in a Quaker family in Pennsylvania, with whom he remained some time, and whose kindness he has ever since remembered with inexpressible gratitude. Here he began those studies which, ever since pursued with unremitting ardor and industry, have made him a man of intelligence and a scholar. He had stolen from Heaven a Promethean fire which made the chattel a living man.

After pursuing his studies for some years, he entered upon the Christian ministry, and as a Congregational preacher was settled some years in Hartford, and since in New York. His history during the last half of this time is well known to the public.

About the year 1844, Mr. P. disclosed to me the fact that he was a fugitive from Slavery. He did it under the most solemn injunction of secrecy, and told me at the time that he had never before divulged the fact to any living person except his Quaker friends in Pennsylvania—not even to his wife, so great was his fear that by some misadventure the fact would get abroad and expose him to danger. It was withheld from his wife, however, mainly to save her from disquieting fears. He informed me that in his studies, in his domestic life, and in the discharge of his parochial duties, he was constantly burdened with harassing apprehensions of being seized and carried back to Slavery. The name which he bore was an assumed one; that of the chattel was James Pembroke, or more commonly the "household word" *Jim*. He disclosed the fact to me that I might attempt a negotiation with his master, for the purchase of his freedom. I accordingly wrote to Mr. Tilghman to ascertain on what terms he would manumit him, taking care to give him no intimation of his present name, or of his residence. Mr. T. soon after wrote me that "with regard to the ungrateful servant of whom" I had written him—as servants were then very high in the market—he could not take less than $500; adding in a postscript, "Jim is a first-rate blacksmith, and well worth $1,000." As Mr. P. could not raise so large a sum, and as it was an exorbitant price for "a bird in the bush," he decided to pursue the negotiation no further. Mr. Tilghman died soon after.

The passage of the late Fugitive Slave law found Mr. P. in Scotland; and with the arrests of fugitives under it, of which he received frequent intelligence, filled him with new apprehensions as to his own fate on his return to New York—then immediately contemplated—particularly as he had made the fact public in England that he was a fugitive slave. In these circumstances he wrote to me for my advice as to the risk he would incur by returning; and I advised him to remain where he was for the present. Soon after some friends of his in the village of Dunse, in Berwickshire, determined to take the matter in hand, and raise the necessary funds to secure his freedom, whatever might be the amount required, and appointed a committee to correspond with me on the subject. This was some four or five months ago, and I have since that time been negotiating with the administrator of Mr. Tilghman, until at last an arrangement was made for his purchase for the sum of $150. The administrator having no power to manumit, it was necessary for him to sell him to a third person, and for the vendee to execute the deed of manumission. I accordingly directed the bill of sale to be made to me. The money was remitted, and I have to-day received the bill of sale making over James Pembroke to me as my own property forever, to all intents and purposes whatsoever.

I remarked at the opening of my letter that Dr. P. was in "a fair way of becoming a man." He is not yet completely one. The title to him still rests in me, and it remains for me, by deed under my hand and seal, to "create him a Peer of the Realm." I shall however defer the execution of this instrument for half an hour, till I have walked up and down the whole length of Main street, to see how it seems to be a slaveholder, especially to own a Doctor of Divinity. Possibly during the walk I may change my mind and think it best to send him to a sugar plantation.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN HOOKER.

P. S. I have returned from my walk. The deed is executed. Jim Pembroke is merged in Rev. Dr. Pennington. The slave is free—the chattel is a man.

I spoke of half an hour's walk. I must confess that my return was a little hastened by the thought which suddenly struck me on my way, that perhaps the "legal relation" I had rashly assumed was a "malum in se." I thought for a moment of going for consolation to one of the "lower law" divines, but feared that it might end in my sending the Reverend Doctor to the auction-block.

THE SPONTANEOUS WEBSTER MOVEMENT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE *Springfield Republican* thus describes the spontaneous movement in Massachusetts by which Daniel Webster is to be nominated for the Presidency. Though the *Republican* is a noisy pro-slavery fanatic of the Webster school, it is easy to see even by its statement that the spontaniety is of that sort which establishes newspapers, puts a magazine in circulation, sets up new bee hives, spreads a knowledge of the discovery of a new washing fluid, and makes the fortunes of inventors of new and brilliant cosmetics—namely, the spontaniety growing out of the labors of travelling paid agents:

It has already been announced in the press during the last week, that a paper was in circulation in Springfield, calling for a meeting for the nomination of Mr. Webster for the Presidency, and on inquiring we find that it has been most extensively and respectably signed. We saw the paper on Saturday, and the bare inspection of the names upon it would satisfy any doubting mind of the popular wish on this subject of our own town.

But we understand, further, that this movement, and one or two others of a similar kind in other parts of the State, and especially in Norfolk County, led to a consultation amongst gentlemen from different sections a few towns or counties; and accordingly a paper has been prepared, expressive of a desire for Mr. Webster's nomination, which will, so far as practicable, be open to signature in every town.

This certainly is a most fair and unobjectionable mode of ascertaining the voice of the people; and we greatly mistake if the returns do not show an array of numbers and names which will settle, beyond all cavil, not only the high estimation in which Massachusetts still holds Mr. Webster, but will also show to our sister States a fixed purpose in relation to the Presidential question.

—This is for the country. In Boston the same means are resorted to, and agents canvass the whole city, invading every shop, store, and house in it, for signatures; beside this, the following paper is placed in the Merchant's Exchange, but in six days it had received *less than two thousand* names:

We nominate DANIEL WEBSTER for President of the United States—

Because he is a true lover of liberty, a faithful friend to his country and its institutions, and the defender of the Constitution under which we live.

Because his patriotism is as broad as the Union, and he will never permit the Constitution to be violated to favor one portion of the country for the benefit of another.

Because by his calm wisdom, and far-seeing intelligence, and high courage, he has done much to save our country from foreign war and intestine division, and to guide it in the path of honor, prosperity and happiness.

Because under his administration the Constitution will be upheld, the laws enforced, the Union preserved, and the whole country be made prosperous; and finally,

Because this high honor is due to his long and faithful service, to his matchless talents, his stern integrity, and his exalted patriotism.

A PRAYER FOR SLAVEHOLDING UNITY.

THE Rev. Dr. Gilman, of Charleston, S. C. seems to be as Unitarian in his Politics as he is in his Theology, though his Politics are not of that liberal school that Unitarianism in religion professes to be. He seeks for Unity in Slaveholding, not Unity in Liberty, and prays that discord may cease and peace reign, where peace would be the triumph of violence, and discord is a struggle for purity. So at least must we interpret the fact of his having volunteered to open a meeting of the late Disunion Convention at Charleston with prayer, and such exhortations as these with which he approached the Father of all men:

And yet, oh God! with fond and lingering hopes we presume to implore thy blessing on the great Confederacy of which we still form a part. May the letter and the spirit of that renowned Constitution which we have received from our fathers, and which was cemented and sealed by their blood and toils, be faithfully reverenced and fulfilled by every party concerned in it. May the kind advances and concessions which are made by one portion of our fellow-citizens be generously interpreted and accepted by the others. Dispel, by thine Almighty and benignant providence, the cloud which now seems to impend over our destinies. May a spirit of mutual harmony and justice pervade every portion of our common country. May we all be enabled to see as with one eye, to feel with one heart, and to be impelled in one direction towards the common good. Whilst maintaining and defending what each party may believe to be the right, grant that all parties may be preserved from rash counsels, from precipitate action, from magnifying imaginations, from exaggerated fears, and from self-destructive purposes.

—It is very probable that in this singular petition the reverend gentleman intended to rebuke gently the haste of his hearers to dissolve the Union that Slavery might be preserved, but it is no less evident that he intended to move the Almighty to prevent the catastrophe of Disunion by inclining the hearts of the Northern people to keep the law of slave-catching. Without doubt he intended to deprecate the pro-slavery fanaticism which would lead the slaveholders headlong to their own destruction, but at the same time he earnestly prayed for Divine intercession to abate Anti-Slavery agitation at the North, that his hearers might not be provoked to "magnifying imaginations, and exaggerated fears." He certainly did not pray that God would remove the cause of strife among brethren by removing Slavery, or that the counsels of his hearers would come to nought. Indeed it would hardly have been safe for him to do so; and if he had wished it, he would hardly have offered to invoke the Divine blessing upon a meeting, the object of which was to perpetuate chattel Slavery to the latest generation of man. If by the "burthen of prayer" is meant a weight thrown upon Him who is prayed to, and not one assumed by him who prays, the phrase is peculiarly appropriate to this "burthen" of Dr. Gilman's.

We heard, not long since a story of two children, one of whom, a boy, was piously inclined and disposed to much praying, while his sister was of a more erring nature, and not given to confession of her little sins in that manner. On the evening of one day when the sister had more faults than usual to answer for, but was more inclined to seek forgetfulness in sleep than forgiveness in prayer, the boy, as usual, laid her manifold transgressions before the Lord in a fervid though somewhat tedious petition. Tired out, at length, with the prolonged enumeration of her faults and the seeking for grace in her behalf, she cried out: "Now Johnny, you stop! Let poor God alone!"

A Doctor of Divinity asking a blessing upon a convention of slaveholders met to devise means to perpetuate Slavery, and praying that their opponents may consent to be slave-catchers, is a fit subject for such an exportation as that of the wise little girl.

A SLAVE CASE IN CHICAGO.

On the 2d instant, at Chicago, Ill., a young man known as Moses Johnson was arrested as a fugitive slave and taken before a United States Commissioner, who gave the case a full and impartial hearing and came, at length, to a somewhat remarkable decision. On the 5th the man was discharged on these grounds:

1. That the record was invalid, because the testimony of the witnesses was not set out therein; the Commissioner stating that, in his opinion, it was the intention of Congress to authorize the Judges of the State Courts merely to make a record in the nature of a deposition, and not in the nature of a judicial proceeding.

2. That it was bad, because it did not show on its face that at the time it was made the negro man therein described owed service and labor; that although it was stated that he escaped on the 4th of July, 1850, yet *non constet*, but that he might have returned before the making of the record, and meanwhile been brought by his master to this State. In the commissioner's opinion, the record should absolutely negative any possibility of such construction.

3. That the negro in court did not answer to the one described in the record and writ, the first being a black man five feet five inches high, and the description in the record being that of a copper-colored man five feet eight inches high. If a certificate were to be granted by him the description would have to correspond with the one in the record, and in the Commissioner's opinion, if the prisoners were to be taken on habeas corpus before a judge, he would be discharged, on view, as not being the same person.

Here are the Compromises disregarded, and the Union dissolved again in a most ruthless manner, and that, too, notwithstanding the Military was called out to support the civil power, and, at the outset, the case bid fair to be another bolt in the great ship of State. The case is aggravated by the behaviour of the people. The *Chicago Tribune* says that when the decision was announced;

The long pent-up feeling of the multitude found utterance in shout after shout of exultant applause. The sacred domain of liberty was to be infringed upon no longer. Johnson was taken by his friends, passed out of the court-room and down the steps to his friends below, who hurried off rapidly with him up Lake street to Wells, and down Wells to a place of safety, in case an attempt should be made to arrest him again.

The citizens held a meeting in the evening for the purpose of giving expression to their views upon the happy termination of the case. Mr. B. F. Barritt presided.

REV. JESSE MCBRIDE, whose name is familiar to our readers as the Methodist preacher who has been convicted in a Southern Court of giving "The Ten Commandments" to a little girl, and sentenced therefor to imprisonment and a public whipping, has finally been expelled from North Carolina for pertinaciously persisting in spreading the Gospel among the Heathen in those parts. It is not pretended, we believe, that Mr is that he holds heretical opinions in relation to the peculiar institution and possibly that he may sometimes in familiar intercourse give expression to those opinions, though we do not know that the latter is charged against him. It is clear, at any rate, that even his presence cannot be tolerated in North Carolina, and he is therefore banished from the State—banished, he may well say 'from daily contact of the things he loathes' The *Greensboro Patriot* gives the following particulars of the circumstances attending his expulsion:

MCBRIDE SENT OFF.—From what has already been made known, by resolution of the late public meeting and otherwise, the reader is prepared to hear that the excitement in this County in relation to the Abolitionist preachers from Ohio, has come to a head. A large company—some two hundred, it is said—intercepted McBride last Sunday morning, while on his way to a preaching appointment at Sandy Ridge, in the Western part of this County, and after conducting him over the line into Forsyth, exacted from him a written pledge, under forfeiture of $1,000, to leave Guilford and the State by the ensuing Saturday, (to-day,) never to return nor send back into the State any publication whatever on the subject of Slavery. And one of his friends—a man of substance in the County—gave a written promise as surety that his pledge should be fulfilled. He is therefore, doubtless, by this time, on his way back to Ohio.

From the sensitive state of the public mind in consequence of the agitation of this matter, and the fanatical pertinacity with which McBride continued his operations in the face of warning, a violent result was apprehended and seemed almost inevitable; but a firm and efficient direction was given to the affair, without personal violence or abuse, by the presence and efforts of some of the first citizens of the County. Through their representation of consequences which had become inevitable should he prove obstinate, and doubtless perceiving unfavorable auguries in the aspect of the crowd by which he was surrounded, he pledged himself without delay to everything they desired. His coadjutor, Adam Crooks, we learn, stated to the Committee of the public meeting, who gave him also notice to leave, that he did not preach in Guilford Co.; his field of labor, we presume, being in counties below.

It will be a most gratifying thing to see the public mind of the county, which has been so unhappily agitated by the presence and purpose of these unwelcome missionaries, now settle down to its accustomed tranquility.

A CENSUS RETURN IN SCOTLAND.—While the Fugitives William and Ellen Craft were in Glasgow, and, for the time being, members of the family of Mr Wilson Armistead, it became that gentleman's duty to make the usual return to the questions of persons taking the general census of the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland. As it was requisite that the names, places of nativity, rank and profession of every member of his family should be entered on the return, he accordingly gave the names of WILLIAM and ELLEN CRAFT, FUGITIVES FROM SLAVERY IN AMERICA, THE LAND OF THEIR NATIVITY.

—THE Boston *Commonwealth* states that George Thompson's return to England is necessarily postponed to a few days beyond the 17th instant. The Farewell Soireé, however, was given him as advertised on Monday evening.

—THE last No. of *The North Star* announces that hereafter it will be issued under the name of *Frederick Douglass' Paper*. The "Liberty Party Paper" is to be merged in it, and Mr. Thomas, late editor of that paper, is to be associated with Mr. Douglass. It is expected that the same arrangement will be made with the "Impartial Citizen" and Mr S. R. Ward, its editor. "Frederick Douglass' Paper" is, we understand from the Prospectus, to be what "The Liberty Party Paper" has heretofore been, the organ of the party of that name.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

—FREEMAN KIDNAPPED.—A colored man named Charles Wedley, residing on Arthur's st., where he owns some property, recently wished to pay a visit to the East, but as he he had not money enough to take him on, was about to go down the river on a steamboat, to earn some, when a colored man named Lindsey Lewis and a white man named Speer, offered to pay his expenses on the journey, if he would travel with them. They said that they had plenty of money, and he accepted their invitation The three set out on foot, and when they reached Licking Creek, in Bedford County, a gang of ruffians rushed upon Wedley, and declared that they knew him well—that he was a slave, and had escaped from Wheeling. It is needless to say that this was a falsehood, poor Wedley having been born in this city, where he has ever since resided, but despite his resistance and prayers, he was ironed, and hurried over the Maryland line. Lewis and Speer returned to Pittsburgh, without going to Philadelphia, as they now allege, for Wedley's free papers, but an aunt of the latter, asking Lewis after his arrival where her nephew was, he said that he had remained in Philadelphia. In the meantime, Wedley, closely guarded and heavily ironed, was taken into the interior of Maryland, where he was offered for sale to a man who fortunately was acquainted with a number of persons in Pittsburg. He entered into conversation with the alleged slave, and found him so intelligent that he declared he would not purchase him at any price, because "he knew too much, and would not only run off himself, but cause his other slaves to escape likewise." After a long conversation, in which Wedley described the street in which he resided, gave a general account of the city, told the names of the principal inhabitants, and their business, together with the names of all the Mayors for some years back, the gentleman became convinced that he was a freeman. He was, however, taken away and chained to a bed post, where he remained for twenty hours, but was finally released by the gentleman who had interrogated him so closely, who likewise pointed out the road which he must pursue in order to escape from his kidnappers. He had been three days in irons. This gentleman deserves the highest credit for his kindness, since otherwise Wedley might have been doomed to drag out a life of hopeless servitude, and we only regret that we are unable to find out his name. Toward the close of last week Wedley arrived in Pittsburgh, safe and sound, after an absence of two weeks, and we trust that the rascals who kidnapped him, whoever they may be, may receive that punishment which they so well deserve.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

—KENTUCKY AHEAD OF THE UNION!—FEMALE VOTERS!—A late law in Kentucky, which, in part, reads as follows, gives women, under certain restrictions, the right to vote:

"It shall be the duty of all the qualified voters in each School District, (widows having children of the proper age included,) or such as may attend on the first Saturday in April, in each year, to meet at their School-house, or other place, and to elect three School Trustees, to superintend," &c

We hope the Woman's Rights Society will properly appreciate this evidence of gallantry on the part of the Legislature of one State.—*Newport & Covington (Ky.) News.*

—SLAVERS CAPTURED.—Captain Soule, of the bark General Taylor, which arrived at Salem on Monday, reports from Sierra Leone, that on the 19th April, H. B M. brig Penguin, captured at sea an Eastern built brig with 400 slaves on board, and 200 had died. The brig had no papers or name, and the officers refused to furnish any. She was taken into Sierra Leone on the 22d March. On April 8th, an hermaphrodite brig, Baltimore built, without papers or name, with slave decks, &c., was taken in a small bay at the southeast of Sierra Leone. The crew of the captured vessel afterward mutinied, and were lodged in jail. The vessels were to be broken up and sold.—*Salem Freeman.*

—CHRISTIAN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—A Convention of Christians of all denominations, who believe the system of slaveholding to be sinful, is called to be held at Chicago, Ill., on the 3d of July next. We learn from the *Oberlin Evangelist* that arrangements are being made for conveying the delegates at half price. Through tickets can be had from Cleveland for $5. The *Golden Rule* says: "If we rightly understand, this meeting is not merely Anti-Slavery, but anti-*sin*, a meeting of general reform, a united concentrated onset against *all* sin, the works of darkness and death."

—HENRY BOX BROWN, who escaped from Slavery to Philadelphia in a box, is exhibiting throughout England a panorama of Slavery. He has the identical box with him, and was lately packed in it, and went from Bradford to Leeds. After their arrival at Leeds, the box, still containing BROWN, was placed in a coach, and preceded by a band of music and banners representing the stars and stripes of America, paraded through the principal streets of the town. After he had been confined in the box for two hours and three-quarters, he was taken out in presence of spectators.

—ORIGIN OF THE CRY "DISSOLVE THE UNION!"—Our attention, says the *N. Y. Evening Post*, has been called to a very curious piece of history relating to the threat of the dissolution of the Union. An account of it is found in the Anti-Compromise speech of Senator Chase, delivered on the 26th of March, 1850. It seems that the expedient of extorting an advantage from the fears of Congress, by declarations of an intention to dissolve the confederacy if the demand is not complied with, is by no means a new one. Its success in one or two instances, has encouraged its repetition. Mr. Chase says of it in his speech:

"It is an old cry, not without profit to those who have used it It was first heard in the Congress of 1764 ery who examines the Non-Importation Agreement of that Congress by a singular exception in the Article I have already had occasion to remark that the Agreement itself was designed to secure a redress of American grievances from the Government of Great Britain by a suspension of commercial intercourse. The Non-Exportation Article bound the colonies and the people not to export any American commodity to Great Britain, Ireland, or the West Indies, with this remarkable qualification, 'except rice, to Europe.' How came this exception there? Why, sir, the staple of South Carolina was rice, and the delegates of South Carolina in that first Congress, when the struggle with Great Britain was impending, and union was all-important to its successful issue, threatened to withdraw from the Congress and break up the Association, unless South Carolina could be permitted to export rice and indigo. This proceeding occasioned a suspension of the business of the Congress for two or three days.

Finally it was determined to complete the Association without conceding the South Carolina demand, and thereupon her delegates, except one, withdrew They were invited to return, and a compromise was proposed to allow the exportation of rice, but not of indigo. I have consulted Pitkin's Statistics, and I find that the export of rice in 1770 was about one hundred and sixty thousand barrels, valued at $1,580,000. I find no mention of indigo. Of course the compromise was agreed to, and the words 'except rice to Europe' added to the Non-Exportation Article. It was a model for all future compromises. South Carolina got what was substantive, and surrendered what was unimportant. This was the first utterance of the disunion cry, and this was its first result."

—A man named John Harding, and a negro who helped him to commit a murder some time since, were lynched at Shelby, Ala., a few days since. He made a confession, in which he states that he killed eighteen men.

—A NEW STATE EXPECTED.—A gentleman who is intimately connected with the affairs of California, and keeps himself informed on all the movements in that distant region, tells us that a well-planned and extensive expedition is about to go from California to Sonora, to help the people of the latter State in throwing off their connection with Mexico. Many bands have already set out for this purpose, and others are expected soon to join them. We have no knowledge, ourselves, that such a scheme has been undertaken.

Sonora lies on the eastern side of the Gulf of Mexico, between the 28th and 33d parallels of latitude, is nearly as large as Utah, or half the size of Texas, and abounds in mineral wealth, especially in mines of silver. It is bounded on the north by the Gila, and on the south by the Hiaqui, both of which shores are navigable for some distance from the gulf. The climate is good, and the soil, we believe, though mountainous, exceedingly fertile

The people of Sonora have long cherished a most inveterate hatred of the Mexicans generally, have never had any attachmant to the Union, and our informant says, would long since have dissolved their political connection with it, if they had possessed the power. "No Irishman," he says, "can hate England more than the Sonorans do Mexico." They are a mixed race of Indian and Spanish blood, ignorant and idle, but more humane and teachable than the Mexican races in general. Alone, they would not be able to accomplish their purposes of separation; but, with the rumored assistance from California, our informant is clearly of opinion that they would succeed.

Their object is, of course, to procure admission into the United States. They have a high veneration and respect for the "Yankees," and nothing would give them greater pleasure than to make one of the great North American confederacy. But their separation from Mexico is one question, and their incorporation into the United States is another. We apprehend, as they have no Slavery among them, and are of a class whoare determined not to have any, that their junction with us would not be very acceptable to a well-known order of politicians

Be that as it may, it is certain that the attempt of a separation will soon be made, and if the aid promised from California is what it is represented to be, they will not make the attempt in vain. The Central government of Mexico was never more destracted and weak, never more deficient in means than it is now, while the various States of the Republic have too little attachment to the Federal power to exert themselves strenuously to retain any revolting member.—*Post.*

—A PATRIOTIC AND LIBERAL OFFER.—One of the thousand disunion papers of South Carolina makes a very furious annunciation that "John W. Wright, a notorious Free Soiler, has been elected Mayor of Logansport, Ind." Mr. Wright, after due reflection upon the subject, has authorized the editor of the *Indiana Sentinel* to announce that if South Carolina will abandon her mad projects of disunion, and obligate herself to talk no more of secession, he will, for the purpose of quieting the South Carolina mind, resign the Mayorship of Logansport. So we may expect a compromise between South Carolina and Logansport. All true patriots may rejoice. "Grim-visaged war" will soon smooth his wrinkled front."—*Louisville Journal.*

—SLAVERY IN DELAWARE.—The last annual report of the Delaware Anti-Slavery Society, says:—For more than half a century Slavery in Delaware has been steadily on the decline. In 1790, when the first census was taken, the number of slaves in the State was about 9,000; a sixth part of the people. Now there are but a little over 2,000, not more than one-fortieth of the people. The greater part of these are in Sussex county; Newcastle and Kent counties united have but 714; while Sussex has 1,591. The slaves decrease faster in Newcastle county than in either of the other counties. In 1840, Sussex county had 1,637 slaves; in 1850; 1,591; a decrease of only three per cent. in ten years; Newcastle county had in 1840, 541 slaves; in 1850, 393; a decrease of twenty-five per cent. The census of 1840 developed the alarming fact that the whole population of Sussex county was rapidly declining; having then less population by 2,025 than it had in 1830. Kent county, too, had been declining, but not so rapidly. The increase of Newcastle county alone saved the State from the disgrace of depopulation. Kent and Sussex are now, however, beginning to revive In Kent particularly free labor is gradually but surely driving out slave labor, and as a natural consequence, a spirit of improvement and progress is awakening; the current of its population, heretofore backward, is reversed, and the more thriving condition of things generally betoken the commencement of a better time.

—J. M. Clifford, has been arrested at Macon, Ga., for attempting to abduct several negroes.

—ATTEMPT TO ARREST A FUGITIVE SLAVE IN CINCINNATI.—A Kentuckian attempted on Saturday to arrest a negro claimed as a "fugitive from labor." During the scuffle, which occurred on Fourth street, near Sycamore, a crowd of people gathered around, and the colored individual was silently released through some subterranean passage unknown to the "lookers on."—*Cin. Gaz.*, 3d.

—ARREST OF SLAVES.—Night before last, the slaves who made their escape from Rev. Mr. Perry and others in Covington, a few nights since, were arrested by persons on this side, and taken over to their owners, who received them and paid over the reward offered, ($400). The slaves say they were enticed away by persons from this side.—*Cincinnati. Com.*

—CONVICTION FOR INTENT TO KIDNAP.—In the Boston Municipal Court on Saturday, Julian McCrea and B. F. Roberts (both colored) were found guilty upon the charge of assault with intent to kidnap Thomas P. Smith, a very respectable colored man, who gave offense to some of his colored brethren by opposing the abolition of separate schools for colored children. The offense is a very serious one, and was committed under very aggravated circumstances.

—PERSECUTION FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE.—The Free Presbyterian publishes the following from a private business letter, remarking that "the writer, we presume, is one of the victims of Judge M'Lean's inhumanity."

South Bend, May 10th, 1851.

Ed. of Free Presbyterian:—This day at ten o'clock, our earthly possessions are to be sold for not delivering the slave to his master. Truly yours,

S. W. PALMER.

—SLAVE CASE IN CLEVELAND.—Miss Minor, a resident of Louisiana, is traveling east accompanied by her slave Mary. While in Cleveland last week, a writ of *habeas corpus* was granted by Judge Atkins, directing her to show cause why she detained or restrained the liberty of her servant. She refused to appear or answer, and the Court discharged Mary, saying she was at liberty to go where she pleased The servant said she had been kindly treated, and returned to her mistress. This did not please the colored people, who were determined to force freedom upon her whether she was willing or not, and for that purpose caught hold of her clothing as she went on board the boat.—An officer interposed and she was permitted to accompany her mistress without further molestation. Miss Minor, it is said, is willing to free her servant whenever the latter chooses to leave her.

—SPRINGFIELD, Ill., must be a place after the heart of the slave-catchers, since all stray negroes from the opposite side of the river are there caught 'with alacrity,' even before the claimant makes his appearance. The *Register*, published in that place, states that three peaceable men were thus arrested very recently on *suspicion* that they had been guilty of preferring freedom to Slavery. Illinois is usually reckoned a *Free* State, but occurrences like this would seem to indicate that she is on the other side of the line.

—THE HICKSITE SCHISM AMONG THE QUAKERS.—It will be recollected, says the *Commercial Advertiser*, that several years ago there was a division between the great body of "Friends." The one party organized under the title of Orthodox; the other took the name of Hicksites. At that time and at the present the great bulk of church property was retained by the Hicksites, and the other party erected new buildings. Recently, if we are correctly advised, the Hicksites have proposed a division of the property, and last week, at their meeting a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements. The fact is highly creditable to the two branches of the Society.

—CLERGYMEN AND WITNESSES WANTED.—Wanted by sundry religious societies in this city, Clergymen of the Dewey school, who feel a confidence (merely at the expense of a mother, son, or grandmother,) in their power of preserving the Union on the approved Webster method, considering its only safety as consisting in the enforcement of the fugitive slave law, and viewing the *higher law* of Christ, as taught in the New Testament, as an exploded humbug. Apply at the offices of the Christian Register or Boston Daily Advertiser.

Also, several witnesses to identify the alleged rescuers and aiders in the escape of Shadrach, (as in order to preserve the Union of these United States, it is highly important somebody should be convicted,) the original set, consisting of Byrnes & Co., being about used up. Application to be made to the Lord High Commissioner, the District Attorney, or at the Marshal's office.

N. B.—Applicants for either of the above situations will receive encouragement in proportion to tact displayed, &c.—*Commonwealth.*

—THERE seems to be a decided tendency of the age towards the assumption, by the gentler part of humanity, of their proper and rightful position in society, from which they have been long excluded by the monopolizing spirit of man. We published yesterday an account of an able argument made in one of the civil courts of France, by a lady, in an important and difficult commercial suit. The counsellor opposed referred to her as his "learned confrere." We think women would make good advocates Their intellects are certainly quicker than those of men, and their tongues work infinitely faster and more glibly. As to their eloquence, their power of persuasion, their quickness of perception, and keenness of discrimination, they are certainly superior to men.

We never saw but one lady arguing a case in our courts. It was Mrs. Gaines who, in 1842, appeared in the First District Court, (Judge Buchanan,) accompanied by her gallant husband, in undress uniform, with sword buckled to his side. It happened that Mrs. G's lawyers, becoming dissatisfied with some decision of the Court, retired from the case, whereupon the dignified veteran advanced towards the lawyer's table, leading his lady by the hand, and begged that the Court would allow the lady to plead her own cause. The scene was quite an interesting one. There stood on one side an array of our oldest and most learned counsellors, who were resisting the lady's pretensions with all their skill and ability, with a large battery of law books lying before them. On the other side stood the bright-eyed, handsome little lady, and the erect war-worn veteran, her gallant husband. The claim of the lady to be heard in her own case could not be denied. She proceeded in her remarks, but soon became so piquant and personal that the Judge interfered and begged her to confine herself to the argument. Thereupon the gallant General arose, and in a slow and measured style, stated that for every thing the lady should say he held himself personally responsible in every manner and form, in court and out of court. This allusion pretty soon quieted the sniggling of some young attorneys who were present, and who appeared mightily tickled with the scene. Mrs. Gaines was permitted to go on and argue her case to a conclusion.—*N. O. Delta.*

—ELIZUR WRIGHT'S CASE.—We learn that Judge Sprague, in conjunction with Lunt and Lord, is making extensive preparations for the trial of Elizur Wright, of whom he determined to make an example. In addition to the four questions proposed to the present jury, the following will be presented to the jury in Wright's case, every one of which will have to be answered satisfactorily to the Court:

1. Have you signed the Webster nomination paper?
2. Do you intend to believe every thing the Judge tells you?
3. Do you believe Auger H. Byrnes to be capable of lying?
4. What is your opinion of Theodore Parker?
5. Do you take the Boston *Courier*?
6. Do you consider *Sigma* an inspired writer?
7. Did you ever vote the Free Soil ticket?
8. Do you keep a conscience?
9. Do you believe that cotton is the only true God?
10. Do you ever trade with Abolitionists?
11. Do you believe that Daniel Webster saved the Union?
12. Do you believe that niggers have souls?

It is also contemplated to swear the witnesses by making them kiss a book containing the Fugitive Slave Law, Sprague's Charge to the Grand Jury, Webster's 7th of March Speech, Curtis' Decision, the speeches at the Faneuil Hall Union Meeting, and a few select sermons by Dr. Spring, Rev. Mr. Rogers, and others.—*Lowell American.*

—THEY DON'T TRUST HIM.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Herald gives the following, as the substance of some remarks made by a Virginia gentleman. "No, Doctor, Mr. Webster is not a reliable man. It cost him a struggle of days and nights, in the Senate, and out of the Senate, to come up for the committee of thirteen, and at last he voted against it. He did not turn the tide, it was the tide that turned him; and then all that he did was to pledge himself to the South, as far as his constitutional oath required him, and not a step farther. Not a step. But it was something—it was a great sacrifice for Mr. Webster to give to the South the full measure of the constitution. He did it with effect but what are we to think of the value of an article, when he who bestows it, is for ever holding it up in admiration to our eyes? Worse than that, rely upon it, that man is a coward, who is continually playing the boasted Achilles upon the stump. And when you hear a man repeating on every occasion that he intends to hold his ground without flinching, watch him, for he will dodge you the first chance. Mr. Webster has done it. He has dodged us of the South, and we shall hold him responsible. Admit the seeming consistancy of the Buffalo speech, with the great speech in the Senate, where is "the odor of nationality" in the one which prevails in the other. It is not to be found. It may suit Mr. Webster to tamper with us, and to pander to Northern prejudices before a Northern crowd, to forswear his nationality as an American, and to boast of his being a Northern man, with that ingrained, inborn, inherent, ineradicable hostility of a Northern man to Slavery; but that will not suit us. It may be sport in Buffalo, but it is death to us."

GRAND CELEBRATION,

IN MASS MEETING, ON

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in accordance with established usage, hereby notify the friends of impartial and universal liberty throughout the Commonwealth, that they have made arrangements for a GRAND CELEBRATION of the approaching Anniversary of American Independence, in the beautiful and spacious

GROVE AT ABINGTON,

having for its direct, appropriate and beneficient object the liberation of the millions of slaves, who, on that day, will be clanking their galling fetters and sending their cries to Heaven, in this guilty land—a land unmatched for its tyranny, and unparalleled for its hypocrisy.

A special train of cars will leave the station, corner of South and Kneeland streets, at half-past 8 o'clock, A. M. Tickets half price.

THE EIGHTEENTH NATIONAL

ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON, MASS., DURING THE CHRISTMAS WEEK OF 1851.

IN ADDRESSING the Friends of the Anti-Slavery Cause at the present time, and in once more seeking their aid and co-operation, the Bazaar Committee feel more deeply than ever before not only the necessity for such aid and co-operation, but an entire assurance that no representations nor arguments are needed on their part to secure both in a fuller measure than on any previous occasion.

The crime that has recently been perpetrated in our midst in the re-enslavement of an innocent man, effected as it has been by the help, connivance and sympathy of the magistrates, merchants and churches of Boston, exhibits a state of things which must supply to every heroic and conscientious person such motive for exertion as no word, however eloquent, could furnish.

Indeed, all human language seems inadequate to depict the condition of a nation such as ours. Only in the language of prophets and apostles can its guilt be made truly to appear. The fearful descriptions of apostate Israel, making 'many prayers' with hands 'full of blood,' seeking how best to unite robbery and burnt offering, may be, without fanaticism or exaggeration strictly applied to this community and the nation of which it makes a part. Can we arrive at a more charitable judgment, when remembering that three millions of men and women, as good in the sight of God as their enslavers, their improvement, happiness and salvation as dear in His sight, are held as goods and chattels by a people professing not a mere nominal and historical Christianity, but holding, by an immense majority, to those tenets which claim and maintain the title of evangelical? It is the guilt and shame of this nation not only that it is a slaveholding one, but that at the same time it claims as its own the names Republican and Christian. The life-long misery of millions of slaves is not her chief condemnation. It is, that the light within her having become darkness, she is in reality the ally and supporter of every form of oppression, despotism and heathenism the world over. The fact that great material prosperity exists through our whole country, and that amid a large minority the fruits of virtue and morality abound, does not invalidate this statement. We may better learn from the teachings of past History how a people corrupt as powerful affects the world's destin

Miscellany.

THE HOME AND MARRIED LIFE OF WORDSWORTH.

BY DR. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

Two chapters from the "MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH," immediately to be issued from the press of Ticknor, Reed & Fields, under the superintendence of the Poet's American correspondent, Prof. Henry Reed, of Philadelphia, are pre-published by the *Literary World*. The work [adds that paper], it should be remarked, is in the strictest sense a Memoir, and is chiefly an illustrative commentary upon Wordsworth's writings. As such it exhibits the highest form of personality, while its calm lessons of wisdom breathe peace upon the troubled and hot haste of the world—a ministry, which, if it yielded no other, should make this book, as it will and must be, dearly prized.

RYDAL MOUNT.

Two years and a half have passed away since the dictation of the autobiographical notes which have been inserted in the foregoing chapter. The voice which uttered them is still. The Poet fell asleep in death, and was buried in peace, by the side of his beloved daughter Dora, in Grasmere churchyard.

Here the present labor begins: and I sit down to perform it in the Poet's own abode. RYDAL MOUNT is now clad in all its summer beauty. Many persons of the present generation are familiar with the scene in which he habitually resided for the last thirty-seven years of his life: but they who may live in foreign climes, or in future ages, may feel a desire to form for themselves a picture of the place in which the Poet lived so long, in which he breathed his last, and with which his poems are, and ever will be, associated in the public mind.

I shall, therefore, describe it as it is now. The house stands upon the sloping side of a rocky hill, called Nab's Scar. It has a southern aspect. In front of it is a small, semicircular area of grey gravel, fringed with shrubs and flowers, the house forming the diameter of the circle. From this area, there is a descent by a few stone steps southward, and then a gentle ascent to a grassy mound. Here let us rest a little. At our back is the house; in front, rather to the left in the horizon, is WANSFELL, on which the light of the evening sun rests, and to which the Poet has paid a grateful tribute in two of his later sonnets:

"Wansfell! this household has a favored lot,
Living, with liberty on thee to gaze."

Beneath it, the blue smoke shows the place of the town of AMBLESIDE. In front is the lake of WINDERMERE, shining in the sun; also in front, but more to the right, are the fells of LOUGHRIGG, one of which throws up a massive solitary crag, on which the Poet's imagination pleased itself to plant an imperial castle:

"Aerial rock, whose solitary brow,
From this low threshold, daily meets the sight."

Looking to the right, in the garden, is a beautiful glade, overhung with rhododendrons in most luxuriant leaf and bloom. Near them is a tall ash-tree, in which a thrush has sung for hours together during many years. Not far from it is a laburnum, in which the osier cage of the doves was hung. Below, to the west, is the vegetable garden, not parted off from the rest, but blended with it by parterres of flowers and shrubs.

Returning to the platform of grey gravel before the house, we pass under the shade of a fine sycamore, and ascend to the westward by fourteen steps of stones, about nine feet long, in the interstices of which grow the yellow flowering poppy and the wild geranium, or Poor Robin Gay,

"With his red stalks upon a sunny day;"

a favorite with the Poet, as his verses show. The steps above-mentioned lead to an upward *sloping* TERRACE, about two hundred and fifty feet long. On the right side it is shaded by laburnums, Portugal laurels, mountain ash, and fine walnut trees and cherries: on the left it is flanked by a low stone wall, coped with rude slates, and covered with lichens, mosses, and wild flowers. The fern waves on the walls, and at its base grows the wild strawberry and foxglove. Beneath this wall, and parallel to it, on the left, is a *level* TERRACE, constructed by the Poet, for the sake of a friend most dear to him and his, who, for the last twenty years of Mr. Wordsworth's life, was often a visitor and inmate of Rydal Mount. This terrace was a favorite resort of the Poet, being more easy for pacing to and fro, when old age began to make him feel the acclivity of the other terrace to be toilsome. Both these terraces command beautiful views of the vale of the Rothay, and the banks of the lake of Windermere.

The *ascending* terrace leads to an arbor lined with fir-cones, from which, passing onward, on opening the latched door, we have a view of the lower end of RYDAL LAKE, and of the long, wooded and rocky hill of Loughrigg, beyond and above it. Close to this arbor-door is a beautiful sycamore, with five fine Scotch firs in the foreground, and a deep bay of wood, to the left and front, of oak, ash, holly, hazel, fir, and birch. The terrace-path here winds gently off to the right, and becomes what was called by the Poet and his household the "FAR TERRACE, on the mountain's side:"

"The Poet's hand first shaped it, and the step
Of that same bard—repeated to and fro,
At noon, at noon, and under moonlight skies,
Through the vicissitudes of many a year—
Forbad the weeds to creep o'er its grey line."

Here he

"Scattered to the heedless winds
The vocal rapture of fresh poesy,"

And he was often locked

"In earnest converse with beloved friends:"

The "far terrace," after winding along in a serpentine line for about 150 feet, ends at a little gate, beyond which is a beautiful well of clear water, called "the Nab Well," which was to the poet of Rydal—a professed water-drinker—what the Bandusian fount was to the Sabine bard:

"Thou hast cheered a simple board
With beverage pure as ever fixed the choice
Of hermit dubious where to scoop his cell,
Which Persian kings might envy."

Returning to the arbor, we descend, by a narrow flight of stone steps, to the kitchen-garden, and, passing through it southward, we open a gate and enter a field, sloping down to the valley, and called, from its owner's name, "Dora's field." Not far on the right, on entering this field, is the stone bearing the inscription—

"In these fair vales hath many a tree
At Wordsworth's suit been spared.
And from the builder's hand, this stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the Bard."

And the concluding lines will now be read with pathetic interest:

"So let it rest; and time will come,
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed."

Near the same gate, we see a pollard oak, on the top of whose trunk may yet be discerned some leaves of the primrose which sheltered the wren's nest:

"—— She who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a primrose looked for aid,
Her wishes to fulfil."

On the left of this gate we see another oak, and beneath it a pool, to which the gold, and silver fish, once swimming in a vase in the library of the house, were transported for the enjoyment of greater freedom:

"Removed in kindness from their glassy cell
To the fresh waters of a living well,
An elfin pool, so sheltered that its rest
No winds disturb."

The verses which were suggested by the various fortunes of the fish will here be remembered with pleasure. Passing the pool, and then turning to the right, we come to some stone steps leading down the slope; and to the right, engraven on the rock, is the following inscription, allusive to the character of the descent:

"Would'st thou be gathered to Christ's chosen flock,
Shun the broad way too easily explored,
And let thy path be hewn out of the Rock,
The living Rock of God's eternal Word."

We return from this field to the house.

It has been made familiar to many eyes by engravings, especially by one prefixed to the one-volume edition of the Poet's works. It is a modest mansion, of a sober hue, tinged with weather stains, with two tiers of five windows; on the right of these is a porch, and above, and to the right, are two other windows: the highest looks out of what was the Poet's bed-room. The gable end at the east, that first seen on entering the grounds from the road, presents on the ground-floor the window of the old hall or dining-room. The house is mantled over here and there with roses and ivy, and jessamine and Virginia creeper.

We may pause on the threshold of the porch at the hospitable "SALVE" inscribed on the pavement brought by a friend from Italy. But the privacy of the interior shall not be invaded. Suffice it to say, that in the old hall or dining-room stands the ancestral almery brought from Penistone; and here are engravings of poets—Chaucer, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Milton—and also of the royal children, a gift from Her most Gracious Majesty the Queen to the Poet Laureate.

In the library—if by such name it may be called, for books are found dispersed indifferently in all the sitting-rooms of the ground floor—are pictures from the pencil of the Poet's dear friend, Sir G. H. Beaumont, illustrating two of the Poet's works—the "White Doe of Rylstone" and the "Thorn." In the adjoining room hangs the portrait which suggested those beautiful lines beginning with the words—

"Beguiled into forgetfulness of care
Due to the day's unfinished task, of pen
Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
In Nature's prodigality displayed
Before my window, oftentimes and long
I gaze upon a portrait."

On the staircase hangs the picture brought with some others by the author's eldest son from Italy, and celebrated in the sonnet—

"Giordano, verily thy pencil's skill
Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace
The fair Endymion couched on Latmos hill."

Opposite is an engraving from Haydon's picture of the Duke of Wellington upon the field of Waterloo, commemorated in another sonnet; and, not much further on, the Cuckoo Clock, immortalized by the Poet's imaginative and tender lines—

"For service hangs behind his chamber door;"

and the voice which cheered him in his sleepless nights, and presented to his mind a train of blithe and vernal thoughts in winter nights,

"When tempests howl
Or nipping frosts remind thee trees are bare,"

still sounds from its retreat, and is heard throughout the house.

This clock struck twelve at noon, on Tuesday, April 23, 1850, when the Poet breathed his last.

MARRIAGE.

The preceding chapter brought Mr. Wordsworth to the eve of one of the most eventful eras of his life—his Marriage.

This is a subject on which no one can speak but in his own language; "a stranger intermeddleth not with his joy." But it may serve a useful purpose to refer to his words.

His marriage was full of blessings to himself, as ministering to the exercise of his tender affections, in the discipline and delight which married life supplies. The boon bestowed on him in the marriage-union was admirably adapted to shed a cheering and soothing influence upon his mind. And by the language in which he speaks of the blessing which he then received, he displays an example of true conjugal affection, graced with sweet and endearing charms of exquisite delicacy. He has thus rendered great service to society, which cannot too frequently be reminded how much of its happiness depends on the mutual love of married persons, and on the dignity and purity of that estate which was instituted by Almighty God in the time of man's innocency.

But let us listen to the Poet's own language. His marriage was founded on early intimacy, as the lines in "The Prelude" intimate:

"Another maid there was," &c.

Let us pass, then, at once, to that beautiful poem, "The Farewell," in which he expresses his feelings on quitting the cottage of Grasmere, with his sister, before his marriage:

"Farewell! thou little nook of mountain-ground,
Farewell! we leave thee to Heaven's peaceful care,
Thee and the cottage which thou dost surround.
We go for *one* to whom ye will be dear;
And *she* will prize this bower, this Indian shed,
Our own contrivance, building without peer;
A gentle maid . . .
Will come to you, to you herself will wed,
And love the blessed life that we lead here."

The beauty of this poem depends much on its being read, as the author observes generally, with a full appreciation of, and simpathy in, the emotion with which it was written. A knowledge of the circumstances under which it was composed is necessary. This remark applies to many other poems of the author; and if, by supplying the clue to these circumstances, the present work can enhance the pleasure and profit to be derived from them, its end is attained.

Let me next invite the reader to peruse the expressions poured forth from the author's heart in the lines—

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

"I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

"And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light."

written in the third year of his married life. From these verses let him proceed to the following lines in "The Prelude:"

"When every day brought with it some new sense
Of exquisite regard for common things,
And all the earth was budding with these gifts,
Of more refined humanity, thy breath,
Dear Sister! was a kind of gentle spring
That went before my steps. Thereafter came
One whom with thee friendship had early paired;
She came, no more a phantom to adorn
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
And yet a spirit there for me enshrined
To penetrate the lofty and the low;
Even as one essence of pervading light
Shines in the brightest of ten thousand stars,
And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
Couched in the dewy grass."

Next let him turn to those pathetic lines prefixed as a dedication of "The White Doe," when domestic sorrow, in the loss of two beloved children, had put affection to the test, and had strengthened it with a holy power: let him read that dedication, and recognize there the sanctity and strength of wedded love.

Let him then pass to the two sonnets written at Oxford in 1820, when the Poet checks his fancy, which had almost transformed him into a youthful student, with cap and "fluttering gown:"

"She too at his side,
Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,
Maintains inviolate its slightest vow."

Other poems in succession will next present themselves:

"Let other bards of angels sing,"

and

"Yes, thou art fair,"

written in 1824, and

"Oh, dearer far than life and light are dear!"

the last of which will be read with peculiar interest, as showing, in a very touching manner, how the most powerful intellect may lean for support and guidance on the gentle meekness and unwavering faith of woman, and may derive strength and comfort from her fervent love and dutiful obedience.

The series may be closed with the inimitable lines "To a Painter," lines written after thirty-six years of wedded life, and testifying, in the language of the heart, that age does not impair true beauty, but adds new graces to it; in a word, that genuine beauty enjoys eternal youth.

"TO A PAINTER (*Margaret Gillies*).

"All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed;
But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
By the habitual light of memory see
Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
And smiles that from their birthplace ne'er shall flee
Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be;
And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
Couldst thou go back into far distant years,
Or share with me, fond thought! that inward eye,
Then, and then only, Painter! could thy Art
The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,
Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart."

"*On the same Subject.*

"Though I beheld at first with blank surprise
This Work, I now have gazed on it so long
I see its truth with unreluctant eyes;
O my Beloved! I have done thee wrong,
Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,
Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:
Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
More beautiful as being a thing more holy:
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast
Into one vision, future, present, past."

THACKERAY ON THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS.

WHEN Sydney Smith was asked a few years ago whether he had preserved any notes of the series of lectures on Moral Philosophy which he had delivered at the Royal Institution some five-and-thirty years before (the question came from a grave university professor very recently appointed to a moral philosophy chair which he might possibly have hoped to enliven by some of Sidney's scraps), the wit made answer that he remembered nothing whatever in connection with the matter in question, except that the line of carriages in attendance extended along Albemarle street to certain distances up and down Piccadilly, and that "the most successful literary imposture" of the season had then been transacted.

Knowing what the lectures so characterised really were, however, and that the "fragment" found after the lecturer's death now forms one of the wisest as well as wittiest of books, Mr. Thackeray will not object to our connecting this anecdote with the line of carriages in attendance at Willis's Rooms on Thursday. He delivered his first lecture on the English Humorists with marked success on that day. Its subject was Swift: and from the notices of it given by our daily contemporaries we select that of the *Daily News*, as containing perhaps the greatest number of characteristic expressions actually used by the lecturer.

Mr. Thackeray began by saying that he must not be expected, in treating of these humorists, to utter only a series of idle and facetious observations. Harlequin without his mask was known to be as grave a man as his neighbors. It was to their lives more than to their books, that he proposed to direct his attention, and they now suggested reflections of a serious if not a sad character. As their object had been to comment on others, they now became the subjects of conversation themselves; the preachers of yesterday became the text of to-day's sermon. He then recapitulated the leading facts of Swift's life, his birth at Dublin, his service in Sir William Temple's, his political career. Alluding to his biographers, he happily characterized Johnson as having given him a surly recognition and passed in. After all, the best test was to say of any such man, "How would you have liked to have been his friend?" He should have liked to have been Shakspeare's call-boy; he should have liked to have lived in Harry Fielding's staircase—to have opened his door for him with his latch-key, and shaken hands with him in the morning, and listened to his talk over his jug of small beer; he should have enjoyed the charm of Addison's conversation. Now, as to Swift, if you had been his inferior, he would have treated you kindly; if you had met him as a man and his equal, he would have assailed you; if you had been a nobleman he would have been the most delightful companion in the world. His servility swaggered so, that it looked like independence. He took the road like Macheath, stopping all the carriages that came in his way to get what he could from them; but there was one carriage with a mitre on it which he looked for very anxiously. It never came, however; so, said Mr. Thackeray, "he fired his pistol in the air with a curse, and retired to his own country." After some observations on the disorders of that age, he said that Swift could not properly be called an Irishman. Steele and Goldsmith were Irishmen, and to the last. But Swift was not an Irishman because he was born in Dublin, any more than an Englishman born in Calcutta, was a Hindoo. He uses his words thriftily, as he did his fortune. He has no redundancy of illustration. Often he seems afraid of being eloquent.—Next, he gave a picture of Temple's household and Swift's position there, which was one of the most characteristic parts of the lecture. There this young obscure genius met as an inferior some of Sir William's important friends. What dull pomposity he must have listened to! What feeble jokes! I wonder (continued Mr. Thackeray) "if it ever struck Temple that this man was his master? Doubtless such a notion never came inside his ambrosial wig. What did the Steward and Sir William's gentleman think of that Irish young gentleman? Here also was introduced some most felicitous ridicule of Temple's quotations and pedantry. And now came the first allusion—introduced with consummate elegance—to Swift's love of Stella. Swift's eyes, according to Pope, were as azure as heaven, and there was one person who was inclined to see heaven nowhere else! Contrasting Swift's humble position under Temple with his brilliant and important station during the Harley government, the lecturer came to the question of Swift's religious sincerity. Some of his critics had turned it in his favor, that he performed his duties secretly in his house. But surely there was no reason why there should not have been an open assembly for such a purpose! One of the most characteristic things was his advice to John Gay to turn clergyman—John Gay—the wildest of the London wits—the author of the "Beggar's Opera!" He considered Swift as having been a sceptic, and having suffered dreadfully from his scepticism. Henry Fielding and Steele were true churchmen: they belabored free thinkers heartily; and each was ready, after he had stumbled, to go on his knees and cry *peccavi!* Swift was a man of different powers and a different mind. But he was far too great to have any cant. As far as the badness of his sermons goes, he was perfectly honest. They were political pamphlets. Swift was strangled in his band. He seemed to have been haunted all his life by a fury. His sufferings were awful. He was lonely. The great generally are. The giants must be alone. Here he quoted the anecdote of Archbishop King, and Swift's declaring himself to him the most miserable of men; and, approaching directly the subject of Swift's attachments, apostrophised Stella with much tenderness and grace. She was, he said, one of the saints of English story. In spite of their disunion, and of Vanessa and the verdicts of most women, who generally took Vanessa's part in the controversy, the brightest part in Swift's story was his love for Esther Johnson. It had been his (Mr. Thackeray's) lot (of course in the way of his profession) to go through a great deal of sentimental reading; but he knew no writing more touching than those notes of Swift's to her, in what he called the little language. Such a man must have had a great deal of love in him. He gave a lively picture of the dean's first acquaintance with Vanessa; and said—quite in the strain of the author of "Vanity Fair"—that Stella had enjoyed one nice little bit of injustice; that *that young lady—that other person*—had been sacrificed to her. His description of the sad and clouded later day of the great man was very powerful and affecting; and he visited Swift's treatment of Stella very severely. But he paid then, as he did throughout, abundant homage to the dean's genius—of which he appeared to have a very high appreciation. The lecture was heard throughout with evident delight and attention, and the applause was frequent and hearty.

One or two points will perhaps justify an additional word. Mr. Thackeray, we must observe, did not confine himself to a remark on Swift's want of sincerity in religion, but, on the ground of that want of sincerity, strongly declared his approval of the conduct of those "bishops" and others who interfered to dash the mitre from him when it was all but trembling in his grasp. Now nobody, we suspect, had so much to do with Swift's disappointment in this particular respect as the two queens, Anne and Caroline: but supposing the "bishops" to have had a hand in it, we should like to have Mr. Thackeray's opinion of the precise qualifications of the episcopal bench of that day to pronounce upon the orthodoxy of a man's belief.

And, the scandal once incurred of naming Swift to St. Patrick's, how much more horrible would have been the scandal of lifting him one step higher! We do not exactly see the virtue of having objected to him as bishop if there had been no vice in tolerating him as dean; and we must also except to Mr. Thackeray's inquest on belief, taking the evidence or presumptions of evidence offered. If Swift brought his religious belief into discredit by performing his devotions secretly, and Mr. Thackeray (to quotes his expression as more accurately reported by the *Times*) "sees nothing to admire in the practice of so celebrating family prayers as to let no guest in the house know they were performed," what are we hereafter to think of the poor publican who prays in the corner, and what of the pharisee who prays aloud in public places!

When Mr. Thackeray very justly remarked on Swift's freedom from what are commonly accepted as the personal characteristics of Irishmen, he ought not to have omitted all mention of the warmth of his Irish advocacy in the matter of Wood's halfpence, as well as in other questions affecting that country, which has justly hallowed and endeared his memory here. There was another obvious, but in this case necessary, omission in what was said of the connection with Stella and Vanessa; which we remark for the purpose of doubting whether the fact of such omission being inevitable in such a discourse should not also have suggested the expediency of touching the whole of that subject as lightly as might be. What was said of Esther Johnson was in itself gracefully, often very touchingly said; but the treatment was necessarily such as to disconnect it from any direct illustration of the character of Swift. Something of the same proper delicacy may have closed the lecturer's lips as to a work which is at once the most amusing, the most thoughtful, and the most terrible satire ever launched against humanity; but we cannot help thinking that a little of the time which Mr. Thackeray devoted to the patient sufferings of Esther Johnson might have been still better employed by so excellent a critic in defining the qualities of humor and wit that have made *Gulliver* immortal.

It will be inferred from these hasty remarks that we think Swift somewhat hardly judged on certain points by the lecturer. But it is incident to this kind of literary entertainment that much should be sacrificed to effect. The abuse as well as the praise must be shown with high lights upon it, and we are equally indisposed to think Swift so low or so lofty as Mr. Thackeray at various times represented him. But the manner in which the lecture told upon the audience was unquestionable, and greatly aided by a mode of delivery at once singularly quiet, earnest and full of feeling. With a steadier elevation of voice the effect would be perfect.—*London Examiner*

The success of Mr. Thackeray's first lecture seems to have been of the most solid kind. Numerous as was the audience on that occasion, it was far exceeded by the congregation of yesterday, who completely occupied every eligible place in the room. Many of them would have had a difficulty in hearing if Mr. Thackeray had spoken in the tone of voice which was the great drawback to the first discourse, but he had evidently measured the size of the room, and the capabilities of his voice, and nothing could be more thoroughly satisfactory than his delivery. While he has thus improved in audibility, he gives no appearance of effort; but we have still that calm, unexaggerated manner which gave such a charm to his oration last week.

The heroes of his second lecture was Congreve and Addison, not Pope and Gay, as had been anticipated. For Congreve, while he admitted the brilliancy of his wit, he evinced no great respect. He characterized him as the greatest literary "swell" that ever lived. With an air of greatness, Congreve put on his clothes, stalked among wits who all thronged to admire him, however eminent they might be, and approached fine ladies with a certainty of conquest. The "I am the great Mr. Congreve!" was the complacent ejaculation which seemed to break through all he said and did. His character as a man of gallantry was illustrated by citations from his poems, in which he adulates or insults the ladies whom he immortalizes, and everywhere appears as the irresistible seducer, sure to be victorious in the end. And who could resist that very great Mr. Congreve, with his very fine coat, squeezing a hand, covered with diamonds, through the ringlets of a dishevelled periwig?

Of the moral principle of Congreve's comedies Mr. Thackeray spoke with disgust and indignation, and he traced the worship of youth and recklessness, and the disrespect of old age, which are such leading characteristics in those brilliant works, through a whole series of dramatic categories from the comedy to the puppet show. The constant tendency, he humorously described, is a recommendation to "Eat and drink, and go to the deuce, when your time comes, if deuce there be;" and he confessed that he regarded these witty banquets without love as he would contemplate the ruins of Sallust's house at Pompeii, with all its ghastly relics of festivity. The foppish depreciation of his own literary productions with which Congreve met the compliments of Voltaire, Mr. Thackeray rather commended than otherwise, but not for a reason which would have pleased the great man. He really did think his productions worthless, if weighed against one kindly line of Steele or Addison.

Joseph Addison is evidently Mr. Thackeray's favorite, of all the "humorists" he has yet brought before the public. In speaking of his merits his heart seemed to expand and his language to assume a gayer tone than while dwelling on the miseries of Swift or the rigid brilliancy of Congreve. If Swift was the most wretched of mankind, Addison appeared to him as the most amiable. He admired the serene, calm character, who could walk so majestically among his fellow-creatures, and viewing with love all below him could raise his eyes with adoration to the blue sky above. He admitted that Addison was not profound, and that his writings betray no appearance of suffering—which probably he never knew prior to his unlucky marriage—but at the same time he expatiated on the kindliness of his wisdom and the genuine character of his piety.

The foible of drinking he did not attempt to conceal, but observed that we should have liked Addison less had he been without it, as we should have liked Sir Roger de Coverley less without his vanities.—Greatly he admired the gentle spirit of Addison's sarcasm, as distinguished from the merciless onslaught of Swift, remarking that in his mild court only minor cases were tried. Nor were words of commendation the only means by which Mr. Thackeray indicated his predilection for Addison. Of Swift he scarcely read a line; Congreve he illustrated, not by extracts from the comedies in which he lives for posterity, but by those minor poems which, though admired by his cotemporories, are now little regarded; but he regarded several extracts from the *Spectator*, and also Addison's well known hymn, as a specimen of his deep feeling of devotion.

Addison and Congreve were both prosperous men in a worldly point of view, and they were therefore introduced with a survey of that golden age, when an epithalamium on some noble marriage, or an ode to William III., was rewarded out of the public purse to an extent that made the poet comfortable for life. Congreve's first literary achievements earned for him, through the patronage of Lord Halifax, places in the commission for licensing hackney-coaches, in the Custom-house, and in the Pipe-office. "Alas," said Mr. Thackery "there are no Pipe-offices now; the public have smoked all the pipes!"

PENN'S CONFERENCE AND TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

THIS conference has become one of the most striking scenes in history. Artists have painted, poets have sung, philosophers have applauded it; but it is nevertheless clear that in words and colors it has been equally and generally misrepresented, because painters, poets, and historians have chosen to draw on their imaginations for the features of a scene, every marking line of which they might have recovered from authentic sources. The great outlines of Nature are easily obtained. There the dense masses of cedar, pine, and chestnut, stretching far away in the interior of the land; here the noble river, rolling its waters down to the Atlantic ocean. Along its surface rose the purple smoke of the settlers' homesteads; on the opposite shores lay the fertile and settled country of East New Jersey. Here stood the gigantic elm which was to become immortal from that day forward; and there lay the verdant council chamber formed by Nature on the surface of the soil. In the centre stood William Penn, in costume undistinguished from the surrounding group, save by the silken sash. His costume was simple, but not pedantic or ungainly. An outer coat, reaching to the knees, and covered with buttons; a vest of other materials, but equally ample; trousers extremely full, slashed at the sides, and tied with strings or ribands; a profusion of shirt sleeves and ruffles, with a hat of the cavalier shape (wanting only the feather), from beneath the brim of which escaped the curls of a new peruke—were its chief and not ungraceful ingredients. At his right hand was Col. Markham, who had met the Indians in council more than once on that identical spot, and was regarded by them as a firm and faithful friend; on his left Pearson, the intrepid companion of his voyage; and near his person, but a little backwards, a band of his most attached adherents.

When the Indians approached in their old forest costume, their bright feathers sparkling in the sun, and their bodies painted in the most gorgeous manner, the governor received them with the easy dignity of one accustomed to mix with European courts. As soon as the reception was over, the sachems retired to a short distance, and, after a brief consultation among themselves, Taminent, the chief sachem or king—a man whose virtues are still remembered by the sons of the forest—advanced again a few paces, and put upon his own head a chaplet, into which was twisted a small horn. This chaplet was his symbol of power; and in the customs of the Lenni Lenape, whenever the chief placed it upon his brows, the spot became at once sacred, and the person of every one present inviolable.

The venerable Indian king then seated himself on the ground, with the older sachems on his right and left; the middle-aged warriors ranged themselves in the form of a cresent, or half-moon, round them; and the younger men formed a third and outer semi-circle. All being seated in this picturesque and striking order, the old monarch announced to the governor the natives were prepared to hear and consider his words. Penn then rose to address them, his countenance beaming with all the pride of manhood. He was at the time thirty-eight years old; light and graceful in form; "the handsomest, best-looking, most lively gentleman" she had ever seen, wrote a lady who was an eye-witness of the ceremony. He addressed them in their own language; the topics were few and simple; and the beauty of his ideas would compensate with such an audience for the minor errors of diction.

The Great Spirit, he said, who ruled in the Heaven to which good men go after death, who had made them and him out of nothing, and who knew every secret thought that was in the heart of white man or red man, knew that he and his children had a strong desire to live in peace, to be their friends, to do no wrong, but to serve them in every way to the extent of their power. As the Great Spirit was the common Father of all, he wished them to live together not merely as brothers, as the children of a common parent, but as if they were joined with one hand, one heart, one body together; that if ill was done to one, all would suffer; if good was done to any, all would gain. He and his children, he went on to say, never used the rifle or trusted to the sword; they met the red men on the broad path of good faith and good will. They intended to do no harm, and they had no fear in their hearts. They believed that their brothers of the red race were just, and they were prepared to trust in their friendship. He then unfolded the writing of the treaty of friendship, and explained its clauses one after the other. It recited that from that day the children of Onas and the nations of the Lenni Lenape should be brothers to each other; that all paths should be free and open; that the doors of the white men should be open to red men, and the doors of the red men should be open to the white men; that the children of Onas should not believe any false reports of the Lenni Lenape, nor the Leni Lenape of the children of Onas, but should come and see for themselves as brothers to brothers, and bury such false reports in a bottomless pit; that if the Christians should hear of anything likely to be of hurt to the Indians, or the Indians hear of anything likely to harm the Christians, they should run, like true friends, and let the other know; that if any son of Onas were to do any harm to any red skin, or any red skin were to do harm to a son of Onas, the sufferer should not offer to right himself, but should complain to the chiefs and to Onas, that justice might be declared by twelve honest men, and the wrong buried in a pit with no bottom; that the Lenni Lenape should assist the white men, and the white men should assist the Lenni Lenape, against all such as would disturb them or do them hurt; and, lastly, that both Christians and Indians should tell their children of this league and chain of friendship, that it should grow stronger and stronger, and be kept bright and clean, without rust or spot, while the waters ran down the creeks and rivers, and while the sun and moon and stars endured.

He then laid the scroll upon the ground. What King Taminent replied is not known, except that, in substance, he was favorable to the views of Penn. The sachems received his proposal with decent gravity, and accepted it for themselves and for their children. No oaths, no seals, no official mummeries were used; the treaty was ratified on both sides with a yea, yea—the only one, says Voltaire, that the world has known, never sworn to and never broken.

This scene remained to the two races who were witnesses and actors in it an inheritance of good will and honorable pride for an entire century. From year to year (says the venerable historian of the Six Nations, Heckewelder) the sachems assembled their children in the woods, in a shady spot as like as they could find to that in which the great Onas had conferred with them, when they would spread out his words or speeches on a blanket or clean piece of bark, and repeat the whole again and again, to their great satisfaction.

In a few years Penn, going beyond the seas and never returning, became to them a sort of mythical personage. They not only held his memory in the greatest veneration, but treated the whole body of white men with more kindness for his sake. To be a follower of Onas was at all times a passport to their protection and hospitality.

Nor have his own countrymen been less indebted or less grateful to the Great Treaty. To it, and to the strictness with which its provisions were maintained by Penn, is owing that striking fact recorded by Bancroft, that while every other colony in the New World was visited in turn by the horrors of Indian warfare, no drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by a red man in Pennsylvania.

It is humiliating to the pride of the white man to think that one of his race should have been the first to break this noble league of peace. Forty years after the famous treaty, and five years after the death of Onas, one of his unworthy children murdered the first red man who lost his life in Pennsylvania. The deed was attended with circumstances of unusual atrocity; but it shows in a striking light the power of a noble sentiment, that the Indians themselves prayed that the murderer's life might be spared. It was spared; but he died in a very short time, and they then said the Great Spirit had avenged their brother. The venerable elm tree under which the meeting took place served to mark the spot until the storm of 1810 threw it to the ground. It measured twenty-four feet in girth, and was found then to be two hundred and eighty-three years old. A piece of it was sent home to the Penn family, by whom it was mounted on a pedestal with appropriate inscriptions; and the remainder was manufactured into vases, workstands, and other relics now held sacred by their possessors. A plain monument has since been erected on the spot, inscribed on each face with four short and simple sentences commemorative of the Great Treaty.—*Dixon's Life of Penn.*

THE DINNER HOUR.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, the "English Opium Eater," in his essay on "Dinner, real and reputed," gives the following interesting historical details in relation to the important duty and ceremonial of dining:

In Henry VI.'s time, the Court dined at eleven in the forenoon. But even that hour was considered so shockingly late in the French court, that Louis XII. actually had his gray hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave, by changing his regular hour of half-past nine for eleven, in gallantry to his young English bride. He fell a victim to late hours in the forenoon.

In Cromwell's time they dined at one p. m. One century and a half back had carried them on by two hours. Doubtless old cooks and scullions wondered what would come next. Our French neighbors were in the same predicament. But they far surpassed us in veneration for the meal. They actually dated from it.

Dinner constituted the great era of the day.—L'apres dinner is almost the sole date which you find in the Cardinal de Retz's memoirs of the Fronde. Dinner was their Hegira—dinner was their line of traversing the ocean of day, they crossed the equator when they dined. Our English revolution came next: it made some little difference, we have heard people say, in Church and State; but its great effects were perceived at dinner. People now dined at two. So dined Addison for his last 30 years; so dined Pope, who was coeval with the revolution through his entire life. Precisely as the rebellion of 1745 arose, did people (but observe very great people) advance to four p. m. Philosophers who watch the 'semina rerum,' and the first symptoms of change, had perceived this alteration singing in the upper air like a coming storm, some time before.

About the year 1740 Pope complains to a friend of Lady Suffolk's dining so late as four. Young people may bear these things he observes, but as to myself, now turned of fifty, if such things went on, if Lady Suffolk would adopt such strange hours, he must really absent himself from Marble Hill. Lady Suffolk had a right to please herself; he himself loved her. But if she would persist, all that remained for a decayed poet was respectfully to 'cut stick and retire.' Some things advance continually, like a flood of fire, which always makes an end of A, eat and digest it before they go on to B. Other things advance *per saltum*—they do not silently canter their way onward, but lie still as a snake after they have made some notable conquest; then, when unobserved, they wake themselves up 'for mischief,' and take a flying bound onwards.

Thus advanced dinner, and by these fits got into the territory of evening. And ever as it made a motion onwards, it found the nation more civilized (else the change would not have been effected,) and raised them to a still higher civilization. The next relay on that line of road, the next repeating frigate, is Cowper in his poem on *Conversation*. He speaks of four o'clock as still the elegant hour for dinner—the hour for the *la toires* and the *lepidi hommes*. Now this was written about 1780, or a little earlier; perhaps, therefore, just one generation after Pope's Lady Suffolk. But then Cowper was living amongst the rural gentry, not in high life; yet, again, Cowper was nearly connected by blood with the whig house of Cowper, and acknowledged as a kinsman.

About twenty-five years after this, we may take Oxford as a good exponent of the national advance. As a magnificent body of foundations endowed by kings, and resorted to by the flower of the national youth, Oxford is always elegant and even splendid in her habits. Yet on the other hand, as a grave seat of learning, and feeling the weight of her position in the Commonwealth, she is slow to move, she is inert as she should be, having the functions of resistance assigned to her against the popular instinct of movement. Now in Oxford, about 1804-5, there was a general move in the dinner hour. Those colleges who dined at three, of which there were still several, now dined at four; those who dined at four, now translated their hour to five.

These continued good general hours, but still among the more intellectual orders, till the battle of Waterloo. After that era, six, which had been somewhat of a gala hour, was promoted to the fixed station of dinner time in ordinary; and there perhaps it will rest through centuries. For a festal dinner, seven, eight, nine, ten, have all been in requisition since then; but we have not heard of any man's dining later than 10 P. M., except in a single classical instance (so well remembered by our father Joe.) of an Irishman who must have dined much later than ten, because his servant protested, when others were enforcing the dignity of their masters by the lateness of their dinner hours, that *his* master dined 'to-morrow.'

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

——THE London Peace Congress will open its sittings on Tuesday, July 22, and will continue for several days during that week.

——SPEED, the historian, was a Cheshire tailor; Stow, the antiquarian, was also a tailor. Elliot's regiment of light horse was chiefly composed of tailors; and the first man who suggested the idea of abolishing the slave trade was Thomas Woolman, a quaker and a tailor, of New Jersey.

——Mr. J. R. HIND, has discovered another new planet in the constellation Scorpio, about eight degrees north of the ecliptic, and forming at the time an equilateral triangle with the stars Scopii and Libra. It is of a pale bluish color, and its light is about equal to that of a star of the ninth magnitude.

——THE CLAIMS TO THE CROWN OF DENMARK.—The *Allgemeine Zeitung* contains a list of the different lines and families who can prefer claims more or less remote to the Danish throne. No less than fourteen royal houses may be, though they are not all, actually claimants to the succession, deriving their title by descent from the three daughters of Frederic III. of Denmark.

——AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—*Punch* says that all the American contributions have not yet arrived. This delay accounts for the empty